

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

THE THISTLE.

JULY 1862.

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THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

THE THISTLE.

JULY 1862.

MIRIAM'S SORROW

BY MRS. MACKENZIE DANIEL.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN'S PRESENT.

THE result of my father's enquiries concerning Mrs. Howard were so far satisfactory, that they left him no excuse for withholding his consent to my becoming her companion. The lady's character was declared irreproachable, and the few whispers that had got abroad on the subject of her eccentricities were not of a sufficiently serious nature to occasion Mr. Verney any uneasiness in trusting his grown-up daughter under her roof.

"So here is twenty pounds, Emmy, to buy your ribbons and knick-knacks," said my dear father, as he communicated to me all he had heard; "and I hope you will be a good girl when you have no longer a mother's eye upon you, and that the future will justify the wisdom of the step you are now taking."

I thanked him sincerely, assured him I would spend his kind and liberal present judiciously, and added, that I had not the slightest doubt of being very comfortable and happy at Mrs. Howard's.

I believe if it had not been for the frequent visits of the two

gentlemen who were the heroes of the moment, and who sang duets so charmingly, my sisters would have envied me the excitement of purchasing a new wardrobe, and looking forward to a life that must at any rate be entirely different from my old one. But happily their hearts and minds just now were pleasantly engaged, and although they were very sorry to appear ill-natured, they "really had no time" to assist me in the work, which, from motives of economy, I thought it right to do myself at home.

Poor dear mamma gave me all the assistance she could, willingly and cheerfully ; but I knew that every instant of *her* time was really valuable, and so I used to hide her thimble, and put difficulties of all kinds in her way, whenever she sent me word that she was coming to stitch with me for half an hour.

One day—I remember it very well, both because the weather was oppressively warm, and because I had been working myself into a fever over a certain muslin jacket, which I had a fancy for making after the pattern of one worn by Miriam—foreign I knew it to be, and singularly becoming to the wearer, who, no doubt would have lent it to me to cut mine from, had I chosen to ask such a favour at her hands. But, as I have before said, Miriam Clyne and myself were not on sufficiently friendly terms to justify the interchange of any little social kindnesses of this description, and so I bungled away—getting every moment more and more out of temper—over the unfortunate jacket, and felt very much tempted to throw scissors, muslin, and paper out of the window, and give the whole matter up in despair.

But then, pleaded vanity, it really was so very becoming, and my figure was not unlike Miriam's. It might be a little fuller, and perhaps scarcely so tall ; but still, there was a general resemblance which all the family had detected, and if I could only once get the jacket cut out, the rest would be comparatively easy.

In the midst of my perplexity and ill temper, Miriam herself suddenly entered the room and stood before me. We had not met, except in the presence of the whole household, since the evening of our walk and conversation together in the garden ; but I had several times, on the occasion of her coming down to dessert, caught the eyes of this incomprehensible young lady fixed upon me with an expression that I could not in the least understand. It was not friendly or benevolent, neither was it the reverse ; it did not betoken any particular interest in me—Emily Verney—and yet there was anxiety, restlessness, and I could almost fancy, a vague fearfulness in it, that aroused my utmost curiosity, and would possibly have led to my making some effort to get at the meaning of it, had not a

dim suspicion arisen in my mind that it might be connected with John Livingston. I remembered the peculiar tone in which she had said, "poor John!" referring to the idea suggested by herself, that he might be jealous of Mrs. Howard's step-son, and though it had not struck me at the time, that Miriam could, by any possibility, have conceived an attachment for our quiet inmate, I was as it were compelled to adopt, in default of a better, this explanation of the sudden and remarkable attention which she bestowed upon myself. It is true, John had never, as far as I knew, addressed a dozen words to Miriam Clyne since she had been in the house; but then she had seen him every day, had heard him spoken of by my father and mother as an excellent young man; and as he was probably the first of the male sex, besides her own father, with whom she had been brought in contact, the supposition was not so very absurd after all. Why should not Miriam have a susceptible heart as well as Janet and Letty?

As she stood there now before me—pale, composed and sad-looking—I cannot say that these thoughts concerning her, had any prominence in my mind. It was difficult when Miriam was actually in my sight to associate her with my weak, romantic sisters, or to believe her capable of a sentiment so very commonplace as love—love at least as it had been presented to my observation since my childish days—it was difficult to believe that she was not raised just a little bit above ordinary humanity, enough to widen the distance which her own reserve and coldness had first established between us, and which I was firmly convinced nothing would ever now overcome.

I laid down my scissors and tissue paper as Miriam approached the table where I was working, and lifted my flushed face enquiringly to hers.

"Papa is asleep," she said in her quiet tones, "and I thought I might perhaps be of some little use to you, as I heard your sisters regretting their own inability to help you. Have you a great deal of work to do?"

"Oh! dear, yes," I answered wearily, "a great deal more than I am likely to get through alone. But I suppose I shall have time for needlework at Mrs. Howard's. Surely *you* are not a needlewoman, Miriam?"

"Oh, but indeed I am," she resumed with a good-natured smile, and producing a little gold thimble as she spoke. "In convents, you know, we are taught all that kind of thing, and I believe I had the credit of being rather unusually skilful. May I ask what you have in hand at present?"

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There was no use in being ashamed of it, so I told her I had been trying to cut out a pattern of a jacket like hers—that I had not yet succeeded, and that I was growing very tired and cross over it.

"You should have applied to me," she said, glancing I thought pityingly, at my numerous failures. "I will fetch the jacket at once, and cut it out for you in five minutes."

I had barely time to wonder what all this marvellous good nature and condescension meant, when Miriam was back again, and busily occupied with her work—a work so quickly and cleverly executed, that I was lost in admiration and astonishment, and could not help, as I rested my hot face in my hands and looked idly on at her, expressing a little of these sentiments

"Perhaps I ought to explain," she said, still clipping away, "that at one time I believed I should have to earn my own living, and that no better method suggested itself than the use of the needle I was already pretty familiar with. Under this impression I naturally endeavoured to perfect myself in the art, and the lady abbess, who was very kind to me, gave me every facility for doing so. Will you try on this paper pattern now, Emily?"

"But what could make you think it possible that you might have to work for your living?" I asked, as Miriam gently turned me about, and abstracted or added pins in what appeared to me a wonderfully clever manner. "Did you not always know that your father was a rich man?"

"No, I knew nothing about it. I was sent home from India so very young; and about a year before I left the convent, a report reached us that he was dead, and that there would be no money at all coming to me."

"Poor Miriam! how much you must have suffered at that time."

"I had no remembrance of my father," she said, putting aside, as I fancied, the compassion I was disposed to lavish upon her; "and therefore I probably suffered much less than you would imagine. The prospect of having to support myself was not in the slightest degree painful to me."

"Brave Miriam! and how long did this state of things continue?"

I asked the question almost listlessly—I was thinking at the moment of my own good fortune in having secured her assistance in getting through my weary work. I was consequently wholly unprepared for the sudden and extraordinary agitation my very simple enquiry excited; for the rapid changes from red to white,

and from white to red again in her usually guarded countenance. What had I really asked? Only how long the prospect of working for her own livelihood had continued. Surely she must have misunderstood my words. I interrupted her, as she was about to speak, and shaped the question differently.

"I simply meant to enquire Miriam, since you had confided in me so far, how long you remained under the impression that Mr. Clyne was dead and yourself penniless?"

"Oh," she replied, with very manifest relief, "I think altogether it must have been nearly six months. Then papa wrote to me, mentioning a dangerous illness from which he had just recovered, and adding that he should return to Europe and claim me as soon as possible."

"How thankful you must have been," I said.

But Miriam was intent upon the jacket now, and not another word could I elicit from her in reference to the past. She worked beside me for another half hour; and then, having given me full instructions regarding the completion of the task, she observed that her father would probably be awake, and rose to go.

"A thousand thanks, Miriam," I exclaimed, holding out my hand to her. "Indeed I am sincerely grateful for this timely help, and the more so that I see you are not feeling well, and that the work must have tired you. I shall never wear the jacket without thinking of your kindness to-day."

She received and pressed my hand slightly—looked at me for one moment very earnestly; and then, with a few common-place words about her satisfaction in having been of use, hurried away.

After this I never connected any of the inexplicabilities in Miriam's conduct with John Livingston, and she herself remained a greater mystery than ever.

A few more days passed on quietly enough, and then the eve of my leaving home arrived. I was more out of spirits myself, now that all bustle and occupation in relation to the event were over than I should have chosen to acknowledge, seeing that I was going of my own free will, and that any sentimental regrets at parting from friends at home had been wholly unprovided for.

Mamma was excessively kind and tender in her manner towards me all that last day, and I am sure if she had once admitted the idea that the time could have been spared from her ever-pressing household duties, she would have sat and cried over me as other loving mothers do when their children are going away from them. It was perhaps fortunate for both of us, that she clung even then to her old notion of not having a single moment to waste on demon-

stration of any kind ; for, with my own inclination to feel a little down-hearted, I don't know what would have been the result of openly expressed sympathy on the part of either of my parents.

As for my sisters they were, as I expected them to be, meritoriously philosophical on the occasion. "What was the good of making a fuss about Emily's leaving home when Emily herself had so long been perfectly crazy to get away?" Certainly no good at all ; and besides this they might have added that they expended too large an amount of tender sentiment upon their lovers, to have any superfluity to bestow upon a foolish little sister who would not have appreciated, or been grateful for, a whole bucketful of tears if they could have shed them.

But there still remained one member of our household who looked with anything but indifference upon my approaching departure, and this I need scarcely say was John Livingston. He did not tease me with a great deal of attention, or sigh audibly every time I happened to be near him ; but for all this I felt that my going away was *something* to him—that it would make a difference in his daily life—and I could not help being grateful, and thinking it a pity that my heart remained so cold towards poor John Livingston.

He stole quietly into the dining-room, where, after tea, I happened to be sitting for a few minutes alone that last evening. It was nearly dark, but I knew John's step in a moment, and when he came into the fuller light of the window by which I had been standing, I saw that his face was shaded by a more sorrowful emotion than I had yet observed in it.

"Emily," he said, "I don't think I shall see you before you go to-morrow. I have to be in London all the morning on business for your father ; so I have come to bid you good-bye now, and to ask you when you expect to be at Wildwood again."

"That I can't possibly tell you, John," I replied, speaking with a briskness that was meant to simulate cheerfulness : "it would never do to beg for a holiday too soon, you know."

"But if this Mrs. Howard takes you abroad, Emily" (here his voice undoubtedly faltered a little), "she will surely give you a few days at home before starting ; you would insist upon having them, of course."

"Oh, of course I should, John ; but I daresay I shall see you all long before there is any question of our leaving England. What is that you have in your hand?"

"It is only something I am going to ask you to accept from me as a parting gift, Emily. You need not be alarmed in fancying I

have been spending money upon you—this I should not presume, under existing circumstances, to do—but I want you to have something that will remind you occasionally of one who loves you, and must continue to love you very dearly. You are not going to refuse me this simple request are you, Emmy?”

“I don’t know yet, John. You must tell me what it is, first? and as for my needing to be reminded of so old and true a friend as yourself, that of course is ridiculous. What should make me forget you?”

“Many things, Emmy, I am afraid; but if you accept this and use it, I shall feel confident of being remembered. Look, it is only an old, well worn Bible. Do you still shrink from the gift?”

“Why no, John,” I said a little reluctantly; “but why do you give it away at all? Has it no value in your own eyes?”

“The greatest possible value, Emmy, or I would not press it upon you. It belonged years ago to my dear, dear mother, who with her dying hands gave it into mine. All the marks you will find in it are hers. I have read it myself, every word, I believe, more than once; but I don’t profess to be a good man or a lover of that Book for its own sake. I only know it made my mother happy in life, and happier still in death; and, because I love you, I wish you very earnestly to have it.”

There was a simple pathos in his voice as he spoke, a repressed tenderness in his whole manner, that, while it really grieved me, rendered it just impossible for me to refuse what he asked.

I took the Bible into my hands, and began turning over its leaves mechanically.

“I am so unworthy of a gift like this, John. You ought either to keep it yourself or give it to—a wiser, better, and in all respects more sensible person than I am—to your future wife, in short. I wish you would. I do not like to take it.”

“Emily,” he said very, very gravely, “if my future wife is not here, she is nowhere in all the wide universe. Tell me whether you mean to accept my gift or not?”

“Certainly I will accept it, John, if you make such a point of it, and I really feel very grateful to you for wishing me to have what must be so precious to yourself; only you must believe that I am sincere in saying, that I am the wrong person to give it to. Won’t you believe this?”

“I never doubted a word from your lips yet, Emmy; but I don’t consider you the wrong person to have my mother’s Bible. In any case, it can do you no harm to possess it.”

“Oh no, no—and indeed it ought to do me a great deal of good.

I will read it, John, for your sake now—perhaps some day I may be glad to read it for my own.”

I don't think he heard the latter part of this speech. My promise to do anything for *his* sake, was enough to fill him with happiness for the moment; and he seemed indisposed to prolong an interview that was not likely to bring him a fuller draught of contentment than that which he had just obtained.

With a few more earnest, friendly words, spoken in a low and not too steady voice, and with one fervent pressure of the hand I extended to him, John Livingston at length quitted me, and I sat alone till the last streak of summer light had faded from the sky, thinking of many, many things, and holding, somewhat tenderly the while, the Bible that John had given me.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. HOWARD AT HOME.

When Mrs. Howard came to fetch me on the day following, my father happened to be from home, but my mother had a short interview with the lady, which I presumed to have been satisfactory, as a smiling, contented face looked into mine, when, ready dressed, I joined them in the drawing-room.

“We need not detain your good mamma any longer,” said Mrs. Howard, rising the instant I appeared; “and I must throw myself on her mercy, to forgive me for carrying one of her darlings away from her. Miss Verney, I have promised that you shall have a week at home, before the commencement of any very formidable exile. Now, my dear, we will take leave, if you please. I have strong sympathy with all the brute creation, and I never keep my horses waiting one unnecessary moment for me.”

I had already said good-bye to everybody except mamma, so I had now only to receive her affectionate embrace, and whispered injunctions on the subject of carefulness as to health, etc., and then to follow my dignified conductress to the elegant carriage standing at our quiet door.

Mrs. Howard got in first, and my own foot was on the step, when I heard a voice calling, “Emily, Emily,” in what appeared to be quick, excited tones. The front door was still open, and turning round I saw Miriam standing alone, a little back from it, and looking as if she wished me to come to her.

I ran back hastily, and asked her what she wanted. Mrs. Howard was impatient, I said, and I had not a moment to stay.

"Nothing, nothing, then," she replied, in a voice that trembled strangely ; "it was only a sudden impulse to bid you good-bye again, and to kiss you, Emily. I am sorry you are going—I need a friend so much—I—"

The rapid beating of her heart was perceptible through her thin muslin dress, and her face was so white that I feared she would go off as she had done that evening in the dining-room.

"Dear Miriam," I said, quite touched by her extraordinary and sudden emotion, "you should have claimed my friendship sooner; then, perhaps, I might never have left home. Write to me if you like—now, I dare not stay. Good-bye, good-bye—there is Mrs. Howard calling."

We kissed each other, and I hastened to the carriage with a thousand apologies for my rudeness.

It was my cousin Miriam, I explained (as I took my seat opposite to Mrs. Howard), who had conceived a sudden fancy for repeating her adieux to me. I was very, very sorry to have detained the carriage, and so on.

"Never mind for this once," graciously answered the lady ; and as she spoke, she raised herself from her lounging posture, and put her head half out of the window nearest to her. Miriam was still at the door, I knew, and I felt rather pleased at the idea that Mrs. Howard would see what a pretty, graceful, aristocratic looking little person (for Miriam was really all this) I had for a hundredth cousin ; but at that instant, as ill luck would have it, a gust of wind swept round the corner, and occasioned the door to slam violently, leaving visible but a corner of Miriam's light dress, which had been caught and imprisoned before she had time to retreat.

"Thus my curiosity is punished," exclaimed my companion with a smile, as she drew in her head again. "I wanted to see the young lady, who could inspire a hatred so strong as to make her very name a painful one for you to bear or hear. She is young and pretty, no doubt."

"Yes, she is both," I answered, rather shortly—for the implication was not agreeable or flattering—"and I believe I was premature in encouraging a dislike to her. The last week has shown Miriam to me in a different character."

"Then my interest in the matter is over," said Mrs. Howard, "and we need not discuss it further. By the bye, tell me whether you still object to be called Miriam?"

"Oh, no!" I replied, "your pleasure in so simple an affair will be mine. I ought never to have alluded to my own unworthy prejudice."

She smiled blandly, and pulling the check-string, gave orders to be driven to the park.

Those first two hours spent in the society of the lady to whose service I had bound myself, were certainly far from lively ones. After Mrs. Howard's last observation, she attempted no further conversation, but leaning back in her corner of the carriage, seemed to retreat into an inner world, whither I had neither power, nor much inclination, at present to follow her.

So I gazed from my own open window at the stylish equipages, with their gaily-dressed occupants, that we passed and repassed so rapidly (for, however tender Mrs. Howard might be to the brute creation, she always liked to be driven as fast as horses in a crowded thoroughfare could conveniently be made to go), and wondered what sort of pleasure it could be that people took in coming day after day to the same place, at the same hours, seeing the same faces, and breathing the same London tainted air.

On our arrival at home, Mrs. Howard signified to me that I was mistress of my own time till the dinner hour, seven o'clock, and advised my employing the interval in unpacking and arranging my clothes which had been brought by the carrier during our absence.

An elderly servant with a grave, unsocial sort of face, conducted me to my room—a very comfortable, pleasant-looking little sanctum for a hired companion; and then, having rejected this woman's rather cold offers of assistance in the task before me, I was left alone to think calmly over my new position, and to feel that, under any circumstances, a stranger's house is a poor exchange for the humblest home.

At a quarter to seven, as nobody came near me, I found my way to the drawing-room where I had first seen Mrs. Howard, and where that lady now sat in an evening dress reading, or appearing to read, the *Times* newspaper.

"You look tired, Miss Verney," she said, as I came into the light; "you should have allowed Martin to assist you with your unpacking. I hope you have a good appetite; young people should always take abundance of nourishment."

"Thank you, I generally eat very well, I believe; to-day, however, I cannot say that I am particularly hungry."

She raised her eyes and looked at me keenly for a moment.

"Ah, I see, you are fretting a little after all, at leaving home and friends. You fancy you have had one of life's barbed arrows rankling in your tender flesh for the last three or four hours; but, young lady! trust me, you are deceived: it is nothing more serious

than the prick of a silver pin you are now suffering from—by to-morrow it will have ceased to pain you. Don't let such a trifle interfere with your appetite, for here comes Porson to announce our dinner, and I like to have some justification for keeping an expensive and accomplished cook."

Porson was the tall footman who had wrapt his extraordinary benevolence around me on the day of my first visit to Wilton Place. He waited upon his mistress and myself with grave decorum during our quiet and solitary meal (not the slightest allusion had been made since my arrival to even so much as the existence of the rich and handsome step-son); but I still observed a peculiar expression on the face of the amiable giant whenever his attention was in any way directed towards me, and I could not help drawing from this circumstance a rather discouraging inference concerning the situation I had undertaken.

One more thing I observed, too; namely, that if *I* ate little that first day of all the good things so lavishly spread before me, my companion, who had warmly eulogized large appetites, ate considerably less. It is true she allowed some portion of nearly everything at table to be put upon her plate; but, after bestowing upon it what might have passed for a critical examination—but which I did not believe to be anything of the kind—Porson was silently appealed to, and the scarcely-tasted delicacy instantly withdrawn.

We sat about half an hour over the fruit and wine which succeeded dinner, and then Mrs. Howard, rising, led the way to the drawing-room where I hoped she would find some employment for both of us, or go to sleep, or do any mortal thing except sit opposite to me and contemplate my features with that dreamy expression in her own face, the like of which I had never seen in a human face before.

"You read poetry, I presume, Miss Verney," were the words that greeted me as I took the low chair near Mrs. Howard's sofa to which that lady obligingly pointed: "there is a volume of Coleridge on the table; let me judge of your powers of appreciating that great poet, if you please."

Alas! I knew no more of Coleridge than of the man in the moon, and I don't suppose I had read any description of poetry aloud half a dozen times in my life. Nevertheless, I fetched the book, and enquired of Mrs. Howard what she desired me to begin with.

"Look for the ballad of 'Genivieve'—it is an especial favourite of mine—and if you are not already familiar with it, will be sure to please you."

There was a ribbon marker at the page in question; and having cleared my throat and shielded my face as well as I could with the book I held, I nervously commenced my task :

“ All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers to love,
And feed his sacred flame ! ”

“ Stop, stop, stop, for sweet pity's sake, for the sake of the departed bard whose genius conceived the rare poem, for my sake who have so hung upon its delicious music, and for your own sake who have evidently yet to be initiated into the glories of poet-land,—stop, Miss Verney, and until I can obtain you lessons in the divine art of reading poetry, let us confine ourselves to the most matter-of-fact prose. There is a pamphlet on the what-not yonder, that I promised Stephen to read. He takes a curious interest in all philanthropic schemes, and this, I fancy, relates to reformation in prison discipline, or something equally dry and unintelligible. Be good enough to bring it, Miss Verney, and let us have it over before the coffee comes. Once in a way, not often though, when I have a companion, Stephen takes his coffee in the drawing-room.”

It evidently never occurred to Mrs. Howard that my self-love could be in the slightest degree wounded by her unqualified disapproval of the manner in which I read poetry, or that I could be otherwise than exceedingly gratified by her permission to exchange Coleridge for a pamphlet on prison discipline. And of course she was quite right in not consulting me on the subject. It was I who was slow in learning the obligations to which my present luxurious home and salary of fifty pounds a year had bound me, and I richly deserved the dull, heavy work of the next two hours, that sent Mrs. Howard at last into a restless, feverish kind of sleep, and conferred on me the most insufferable headache I had ever been afflicted with.

The appearance of Porson with the coffee afforded me a perfectly indescribable relief, not only from the weary reading, but from some strange moral atmosphere of which I was beginning to be conscious when alone with Mrs. Howard.

Alone with her, however, for that evening I was too evidently destined to be ; for in answer to her enquiry of Porson, as to whether Mr. Howard was still in the library, the man replied that he had gone to a meeting or a lecture at St. James's Hall, and would probably not be home till late.

We sat up till near eleven, Mrs. Howard graciously allowing me to do a little fancy work on my own account, while she herself

went to the piano and played a variety of such strange, wild, unearthly tunes, that I was really thankful when she appeared tired, and asked me to extinguish the lights and close the instrument.

I went to my room that night with a perfect knowledge of what mental weariness meant, and a secret hope, it must be added, that Mrs. Howard would find out in a few days that I did not suit her.

CHAPTER VII.

SEEING LIFE.

The next morning I was awakened before six o'clock by a loud, quick tapping at my door, and starting up from a confused dream about Miriam and John Livingston, I found the grave-looking woman, whom Mrs. Howard had called Martin, standing in the corridor.

"Is it time to get up already?" I asked, rubbing my still sleepy eyes, and looking, I have no doubt, half bewildered.

"Yes, miss; my mistress chooses to walk this morning before breakfast, and she desires you to accompany her. I will send you some hot water, if you please; and when you are ready you will be kind enough to go down to the drawing-room."

Such were my orders, and of course I had no choice but to obey them with as much promptitude as possible; although it seemed far more strange than agreeable to be compelled to leave my bed at that unnatural hour to walk—who might say how far or into what out of the way regions—with an individual from whom I was, even in this early stage of our acquaintance, beginning to shrink with quite an unusual repugnance.

By a quarter past six I was in the drawing-room, and receiving Mrs. Howard's warm commendations on the speed with which I had replied to her summons.

"For do you know," she said, as I endeavoured to look good-tempered, "there is nothing I have had such trouble about with all my former companions. They were obliging enough during the day, and willing to put up with any little whims of mine that might cross their own inclinations; but to get them out of bed before eight or nine o'clock in the morning was almost a thing impossible; and very often I have abandoned it in despair, and taken Martin or Porson with me."

I certainly thought to myself that they were by far the fittest persons to be taken on such occasions; but I only said to Mrs.

Howard that it was my duty to be ready to attend her whenever she required it; and then, having received from Porson's hands a small bag of biscuits, with which I imagined we were going to feed the swans in Kensington gardens, I followed Porson's mistress—and alas! my own now—into the silent, misty-looking, unattractive London streets.

"A charming time to be out," said the lady, as I placed myself by her side, "and indeed the only time when it is possible to make those sort of observations on human nature which I delight in making. Miss Verney,—or shall I begin calling you Miriam at once?—did you ever study milk boys?"

I replied that I never had done so.

"Well then," she resumed, "you have lost a vast world of interest, I can assure you, and you had better immediately begin the lesson. We shall walk this morning through all the principal streets of this part of London, and in each of them you will see at least half a dozen of these milk-carriers. Look at them well, and you will find every variety of character, and taste, and disposition represented in their respective physiognomies. It is perfectly wonderful and incomprehensible, and tends to prove all sorts of theories which I need not now trouble you by going into. See, look, my dear Miriam, there are three boys at the end of this street; we shall meet them all, and you will be able to give them your closest attention."

Whatever astonishment I felt at having such a singular task proposed to me, I carefully suppressed all outward demonstration of any kind, and answered smilingly that I feared I was not gifted with Mrs. Howard's acute perceptive faculties, but that in obedience to her wish I would do my best to study the milk-boys whom we might chance to meet.

"That is a good girl," she said, tapping my hand with her parasol; "I like to see a willing and intelligent mind in those I have about me. My last young lady, Clara Jerrard, positively objected to study milk-boys, and declared—the conceited monkey—that it made her sick so early in the morning even to look at their dirty faces. By the bye, let us have a biscuit each now, Miriam,"

"I thought these were for the swans in Kensington gardens."

"The swans—no—one can see and feed them at any time. When I am in London, I like to breathe London air, and to acquaint myself with all the peculiarities of the London working-people. When we are tired of the streets, we will go to the markets. Covent Garden is most exciting in the early morning."

"When *we* are tired of the streets," Mrs. Howard had said; but

surely she had mistaken the pronoun, for *I* was tired of them even at the moment she was speaking, and yet I had another full hour of their dull, changeless monotony to endure, before even the slight variety of the markets was again alluded to. I don't think I made much progress in my study of the milk-boys, or that the remarks I forced myself from time to time to offer upon these interesting specimens of humanity, impressed my companion with a very exalted opinion of my discernment. Nevertheless, she was pleased with the willingness I displayed to do her bidding, and occasionally she let me off the close examination of the boys to direct my attention to a smart housemaid cleaning the area steps, or exchanging coquettish morning salutations with a lounging policeman.

All this was evident enjoyment to Mrs. Howard—it was her idea of seeing life; and had she not exacted the same amount of interest and enthusiasm from those who shared her walks, nobody could have found fault with such a very harmless pastime. But for myself I so thoroughly detested the London streets, and my poor feet were so blistered from our rapid progress over the hard pavements, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could maintain even the semblance of good temper; and I cannot believe that Mrs. Howard was really deceived as to the degree of pleasure I took in the objects of her own singular interest.

In the markets (though that first morning we only went to Covent Garden) it was, if possible, even worse than it had been in the streets, inasmuch as there was necessarily a greater variety of human faces congregated together, and, consequently, a far larger scope for my companion's discriminating faculties. Not a man, woman, or child, it appeared to me, escaped her keen, eager observation, and my brain began at last to spin round as I endeavoured to comprehend just enough of her rapid criticisms to give intelligent answers to them. But often this was morally impossible, since, not content with determining at once the characters of the individuals whose faces arrested her attention, Mrs. Howard would sketch out with surprising volubility, an imaginary history for them, concluding with an earnest appeal to me to confirm her very fanciful impressions.

It was long past nine o'clock before any mention of returning home was made, and the heat of the July morning was becoming so oppressive that had it not been for a basket of delicious strawberries that Mrs. Howard bought and shared with me, I really believe I must have fainted by the way; for, although perfectly strong and healthy, I was quite unused to walking before break-

fast, and this walk had been more than ordinarily wearisome to my spirits as well as to my feet.

When my apparently tireless companion said at last that we had better retrace our steps, I plucked up courage to tell her that my strength was quite gone, and that if she would allow me I would return in an omnibus, and send Martin to meet and attend her home.

"Poor child," she exclaimed, turning suddenly and peering into my face, "you do look something like a rose with its colour washed out, and I have been wrong in measuring your physical capacities by my own. Another morning you shall have a cup of chocolate before starting. Now we will call a cab, and I will see that you are well taken care of for the rest of the day."

And I was—rather more so indeed than was agreeable to me—for Martin, whose stern, cold face I had from the first disliked, received strict orders to keep me quiet in my own room, and on no account to let me leave it, or even to rise from a recumbent posture on the bed until the evening.

For an hour or two after breakfast I was willing enough to submit to my imprisonment, and to sleep off, in the dreamy stillness of the hot summer morning, the unwonted fatigue to which I had been subjected; but waking about one o'clock in the day, thoroughly rested and refreshed, I told Martin (who had come in with noiseless footsteps, bringing me a basin of strong beef-tea) that it would be ridiculous for me to remain longer in my own room, and that I was sure, if Mrs. Howard knew how well I felt, she would wish me to join her down-stairs.

"Oh, dear no, miss," replied the woman, with a steady firmness that put an instant extinguisher on all my feeble opposition: "when missis has once given an order she never allows it to be set aside. She is quite uneasy now, thinking she has over-tired you. You must do all you can to please and obey her, miss, for out of the many, many young ladies she has had, you are the first I have ever seen her take kindly to at once; and who knows but what you may be of great use to her?"

Later in the day I pondered over those words, "of great use to her," and wondered what they could possibly signify; but just now I was thinking of my own dreary confinement, and speculating as to the probability of Martin being good-natured enough to do anything to lighten it.

"But really," I said, half-laughing in spite of myself at the absurdity of my position, "I am in no more need of being nursed and kept up here than you are, Martin. It is very dull too, for I

have no particular work to do, and I have read all my books dozens of times ; you couldn't bring me a book from down-stairs—could you, Martin ?”

“A book, miss ! well I am sure, if you was to go reading all day, missis wouldn't call that resting, and I couldn't get a book from the drawing-room without her seeing me. It's true there's plenty in the library ; but then Mr. Stephen is there, and I should have to tell him who it was for, if I took one.”

“Oh, then, don't think of it, pray. I must manage as well as I can without reading. You can at least procure me some ink, I suppose, and I will try to amuse myself by writing.”

Martin soon after disappeared, having, however, first insisted on my swallowing every drop of the beef-tea, such being Mrs. Howard's orders.

In a quarter of an hour my solitude was again disturbed by the woman's return, not only with ink, but with a whole apronful of books, which she grimly deposited on the table beside me.

“Oh !” I exclaimed, “how delightful, and how very kind of you, Martin ; but you did not fetch them from the library, I hope ?”

“I did not fetch them from anywhere,” she replied, picking up a volume that had fallen ; “but I happened to say in the servants' hall that you was lonely up here and would like some books if you could get them, and Porson, he goes off at once to the library and without a thought asks Mr. Stephen to lend you some, and Mr. Stephen, who is the kindest-hearted gentleman, picks these out in a moment, and sends them with his compliments. There's enough of them at any rate, and I hope you'll find them pleasant reading.”

Martin did not stay to hear any comments I might be disposed to make on Porson's good-natured officiousness, for the servants' dinner bell had rung as she came up the stairs, and they would not sit down without her.

Having therefore no vent for the little embarrassment this incident occasioned me, I judged it wise to put aside such a troublesome feeling altogether, and to enjoy the books which Mr. Stephen Howard, at Porson's solicitation, had so obligingly lent me. There were some of all kinds, grave, gay, and sentimental ; and as my reading hitherto had been of a rather limited description, I thoroughly appreciated the variety now placed at my disposal.

The long afternoon soon slipped away under the improved circumstances of my otherwise pitiable case, and at six o'clock Martin brought me a kind message from Mrs. Howard, to the effect that if I was “really better” she should hope to see me in the drawing-room a little before seven.

"Perhaps Mr. Howard will dine with us to-day," I thought, as I hastened with recovered spirits to put on my lightest and prettiest muslin dress, "and give me an opportunity of thanking him for the pleasant afternoon I have enjoyed through his means."

I resisted the impulse to ask Martin the question, but I went down quite gaily, something telling me I was about to spend a pleasant evening—I went down, alas! only to find Mrs. Howard seated alone as on the preceding day, and again reading the *Times* newspaper.

She received me with the utmost graciousness, shook me warmly by the hand, looked with apparent approval at my carefully arranged toilet, and enquired, with quite an affectionate anxiety, as to how I felt by this time.

Smilingly I assured her that I had never felt better in my life, and that the long rest she had so kindly insisted on, had been altogether unnecessary.

"Come to dinner, then," she said, as Porson's tall figure appeared in the door-way, "and convince me of the truth of your statement by eating a little better than you did yesterday."

Again Mrs. Howard and myself dined alone, and again I felt the hour spent at that abundantly-supplied table inexpressibly wearisome. Accustomed all my life to the freedom and sociability of a large family-party, to the unrestrained talking and laughing which are naturally indulged in when a home circle of different sexes meet at meals, it is impossible to describe the effect produced on me by the ceremonious stillness of our dinners in Wilton Place. As for eating with any appetite, it was out of the question, and I could only long for the moment when we should leave that large, dreary room, where the light only entered through stained-glass windows, although it would probably be to endure a repetition of the previous evening's monotony.

Just before Porson put the dessert on the table, Mrs. Howard, who had been regarding me for several consecutive minutes with undoubted complacency (I am sorry to appear vain, but I must write of things as they really were), turned to her gigantic attendant and asked him if Mr. Stephen had come in yet. A reply in the affirmative elicited the following message:

"Give him my kind love, and tell him that if he is not particularly engaged elsewhere—mind you say *particularly*, Porson—I shall esteem it a favour if he will take his coffee with me and Miss Verney, this evening."

Dear reader, don't be very hard upon me when I confess that my spirits rose very rapidly after this message, and that the re-

maining quarter of an hour we spent in the dining-room lost half its weariness, though my companion did not utter another word, but sat gazing at me and the stained windows alternately, and occasionally sighing in that profound, hopeless manner, which to the young is generally as irritating as it is incomprehensible.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INVISIBLE GENTLEMAN.

I read aloud to Mrs. Howard till tea-time, not poetry, be it understood, but a modern novel, selected, I believe, with a view to my especial entertainment, as it was decidedly of that sentimental, bread and butter school which young ladies under twenty are supposed to delight in. Unfortunately, I had seen too much in real life of the sort of love and love-making treated of in this three volume romance, to care very much for the same thing in fiction ; so I am afraid I yawned quite as often over my present task, as I had done over the dry pamphlet of the previous evening, and I know it was with an immense sensation of relief that I at length heard Mrs. Howard say :

"My dear Miriam, your eyes are too bright to be tried needlessly. It is nearly nine o'clock, and here comes Porson with the lamp and coffee."

Only Porson at present ; but surely he will announce Mr. Howard's gratified acceptance of his step-mother's amiable invitation. Surely I shall this evening see another face, and hear another voice besides those of the stately lady, who, in spite of her singular kindness and condescension to me, might have been a figure carved in marble for all the sense of human affinity which I could persuade myself existed between us.

"Well, Porson, and what did Mr. Stephen say in answer to my message ? Will he come ?"

"Mr. Stephen's kind love to you, ma'am, and compliments to Miss Verney, and he is very sorry that he has a gentleman coming to spend the evening with him. Will you have the shutters closed at once, ma'am ?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Howard in a sharp, quick voice ; and looking round at her, I saw that she was really displeased and offended at her step-son's refusal to attend her summons. She must have thought that he had invited this gentleman Porson spoke of, on purpose to avoid joining us in the evening. Perhaps he had—but

what could be his motive? Did he feel the same unaccountable shrinking from his handsome step-mother that I felt; or was it me, the new companion, that he was afraid of?

We took our coffee in unbroken silence; for Mrs. Howard's face still looked too ominously threatening for me to venture upon disturbing her meditations. But when the tray had been removed, and we were again alone, she said abruptly:

"Get your work, my dear child, if it will enliven you. It is not *my* fault that you are again condemned to a dull evening, but I suppose Stephen has taken fright at the determined angling of the young ladies who preceded you. He cannot, of course, know by intuition that Miss Verney is constituted otherwise than any other "miss," with whom his ill-fortune has lately brought him in contact; but he must learn to understand you better. I do not force so many friends upon him that he should turn disdainfully from any single one I choose to make him acquainted with."

I did not notice at the moment the extreme bitterness with which the last words of this sentence were spoken. My own pride was all in arms at the bare idea of Mr. Howard suspecting me, even before we had met, of a design upon his heart or fortune; and without reflecting upon my position as Mrs. Howard's paid companion, I exclaimed hotly and indignantly:

"I must entreat that you never do seek to make this gentleman acquainted with me, if there is the slightest chance of his imputing to me the boldness and impropriety of which you say your former companions were guilty."

Mrs. Howard laughed softly (I never knew her laugh heartily, or joyously like other people) at my angry excitement.

"Quite right, quite right, my dear, to stand up for your woman's dignity, and I am glad that you have so strong and proper a sense of it; but it won't last, Miriam, it won't last—a woman's dignity soon falls down prostrate before a woman's love—and you will love some day, poor child! and learn what it is to lie in the dust with all your womanly adornings stripped from off you, and perhaps nothing, *nothing*, less than nothing to supply their place."

I had been bending over my bit of embroidery at the time Mrs. Howard began to speak, but I raised my head involuntarily when her voice died away, which it seemed to do in the strangest and most ghost-like manner, as she uttered the concluding words. Never shall I forget the expression of her face at the instant I first caught it. I cannot even attempt to describe it, for I know no words that would convey the feeblest idea of it. I know only that it was terrible, that it frightened me out of all composure, that

I sprang up and was rushing to the bell, when my companion laid her hand upon my arm and kept me beside her.

"Miriam," she said—and again came the soft, joyless laugh—"you are not brave; but that white, scared face of yours has for this once done more for me than the drops that Martin would have brought, had she obeyed your intended summons. I am subject to an acute spasm at the heart, which certain mental emotions frequently bring on. They say it is not dangerous, but it is undoubtedly hard to bear while it lasts; and a monotonous, inactive life would make me a complete victim to it."

As she looked and spoke quite calmly now, I ventured to sit down and to say:

"Would it not be better for you, under these circumstances, to go more into general society?"

"No, *that* remedy would be far worse than the disease. I require an immense amount of bodily exercise, frequent change of scene, one young, true-hearted creature like yourself, to keep me still linked in some degree to my fellow-men, but intimate communion again with those of my own class, never, never, never!"

I could think of no observation to make in reply to this, and with a deepening sense of breathing an oppressive air—(was it caused by anything in Mrs. Howard herself, or by that strangely-clouded atmosphere which evidently surrounded her?)—I continued bending over my work, and wishing myself once more safe and free at Wildwood.

The next two hours dragged wearily along, though without the occurrence of anything else of a startling or alarming nature. Mrs. Howard played a few of her mournful airs on the piano; then walked to the window, unbarred the shutters and looked out at the stars. Finally she told me I might go to bed, and that if we went for our ramble in the morning, she would take care not to tire me as she had thoughtlessly done *that* morning; we would start rather later, and I should have some breakfast in my own room first.

I thanked her for all her kindness, tried very hard to look cheerful and to feel grateful; but, succeeding ill in both these attempts, went to bed at last, thoroughly dissatisfied with myself, and as heavy-hearted as I had ever been in my life.

For the next week there came no change or shadow of a change to relieve the tedium of an existence, which, even at its commencement, had so utterly dispirited me. Every morning we walked through the hot, glowing streets, studying milk-boys, and making acquaintance with low life in general. Every afternoon Mrs. Howard added something to the heap of manuscript on her writing-

table, while I worked or read to myself in the same room; and every evening I read aloud till the daylight faded, and after that came the weird-like tunes on the piano, and the silent gazing out at the bright stars till bed-time.

Hitherto my actual duties had certainly been very easy ones, and it may be thought that the dulness and monotony were amply compensated by the reward of fifty pounds a year. Perhaps they would have been, even to me—who loved like all young people to be surrounded with bright and cheerful faces—could this dullness and monotony have been dissociated from Mrs. Howard herself; but, united as they were inseparably with her, they became more irksome and painful to me than any words can express.

How shall I make myself understood, when I say that the very partiality of which I was so evidently the object, the very excess of the kindness and even affection lavished upon me by my patroness (and which should at least have inspired a large amount of gratitude), served only to increase those unaccountable feelings of repulsion that from the beginning I had experienced towards her? I wished she had taken a dislike to me, not only because it would then have been easier to leave her service, but because her *liking* inspired so little pleasurable emotion, and made me constantly fear that there must exist some special defect in my own nature to account for so much hardness and insensibility.

Since the evening when Mr. Howard had excused himself from appearing in the drawing-room, I had never heard his name mentioned, and I came at last to the conclusion that he must have left the house. Of course it was no concern of mine, and indeed I had no sort of business to speculate at all upon the subject; but in the terrible monotony of the life I was leading, the circumstance of even a cat having quitted or arrived at that very dreary mansion would have become a matter of vivid interest; and so I really took some trouble to find out indirectly whether the invisible gentleman of the family was absent or not. Under ordinary circumstances I should not have minded asking the question plainly of Martin, or indeed of Mrs. Howard herself; but the hints I had received concerning the folly and forwardness of my predecessors in office, had alarmed me too much to suffer me to incur the slightest risk of being classed with them.

It was a pity, for there seemed no other way than that of plain speaking of getting my curiosity relieved. Martin was too obtuse, and her mistress too pre-occupied, to give heed to my clumsy attempts at obtaining from them the intelligence I wanted.

But one morning, there came so favourable an opportunity of

making the direct enquiry, without appearing unduly interested in the matter, that I could not resist it.

We had returned home from our early walk, and although I was not much more fatigued than usual, Mrs. Howard discovered as we were entering the house, that I looked especially pale and languid. I know I felt exhausted and out of spirits, for the heat had been excessive, and my companion had talked a great deal, and I had been wondering how much longer it would be possible to bear this sort of thing; but otherwise I was not conscious of feeling worse than these hateful morning walks always made me feel, and I was irritated rather than grateful at Mrs. Howard's anxiety and fidgetiness about me.

"My dear, it is useless telling me you are well," she said, peering with her bright, restless eyes into my face—a sullen face I am sure it must have been—"and I shall no longer delay having your health attended to. This very morning, I will drive you to Wildwood to consult your father, as I suppose you would prefer his advice to that of a fashionable London physician. In the meanwhile, just step into the library—you know where it is—and bring me from the glass-case nearest the door, a large book, entitled, 'Something of Everything.' I think I may find out from that what ails you."

I really could not help smiling at the errand with which I was charged—perhaps also the idea of the drive to Wildwood, helped to bring about a more cheerful state of feeling—but I hastened to say immediately:

"I thought the library belonged exclusively to Mr. Howard; is he then away at the present time?"

"Yes, he is away," replied his step-mother, without the least appearance of suspecting me of caring a bit about her answer; "when he returns, I shall begin thinking of *our* flight from London. After all, change of air and scene, will do more for you, than the entire body of physicians put together. Nevertheless, bring me the book, and I will go and order you something nourishing for breakfast."

This library had hitherto been a *terra incognita* to me, and consequently I was rather pleased at the thought of taking a peep at it. It was the invisible gentleman's own peculiar sanctum too, and would doubtless bear the impress of all his favourite pursuits and philanthropic hobbies.

I reached the door in quite an improved condition of mind and spirits. Had I not the drive to dear Wildwood in a few hours, and after that the prospect of leaving hot, dull, wretched London

to anticipate? Was I not young and strong enough to bear the burden of a few more weary days, or weeks, or months, when, in point of fact, their weariness and want of interest, were all I had to complain of?

Musing thus, I walked leisurely in, glanced round quickly and admiringly on the cool, orderly, unbachelor-like apartment, and then, forgetting my errand for a moment, was about to approach the large centre table piled with books, when a slight cough, proceeding from I knew not where, made me start as if I had been shot, and left me hardly nerve enough to direct a more scrutinizing look around, in search of the individual who was so obligingly indicating to me his presence.

In the shadow of the farthest window, which was darkened by pots of thick evergreens and a venetian blind, I at length discovered him—the invisible gentleman of course—standing now, and smiling very slightly at my manifest bewilderment and consternation; for the terror had been but momentary, and a variety of other emotions, quickly chased that first silly panic from my mind.

I think I stammered out, "I beg your pardon, I had understood there was nobody here, Mrs. Howard sent me for a book," or some words to this effect, but what he said in reply, and what this, till now, invisible gentleman was like, and of what nature were the emotions which succeeded the first fright his little cough occasioned me, I must leave till the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

MODERN CRITICISM.

BY THE REV. G. E. MAUNSELL.

WHAT a pity it is that so many self-constituted censors have not moral courage enough to speak their own minds! Were it not for a few honourable exceptions, criticism would be *altogether*, what even now, in a great measure, it is,—a mere *ignis fatuus* to mislead, and not a light to direct the opinions of the public.

Whosoever undertakes to place before his readers a "review," or, in other words, an epitome of a writer's work, is bound to do so, not only with impartiality towards the author, but also with due consideration for the reader; and, if it be unjust to select existing blemishes *only*, and from them to condemn, surely it is equally so to pick out a few widely-scattered plums, and to serve them up as a fair specimen of the whole. But, in the present day, our minor critics seem utterly unable to move out of their established groove. They are narrow, where they should be broad; where they should be most catholic, they are the most heavily fettered by the dicta of their clique; and the untempered mortar of their praise, or the blunt tomahawk of their censure, alike betray to what school they have given in their allegiance.

Hence it is, that the modern critique so often serves rather to pander to the existing taste, than to direct it. Whatever is startling or extravagant, is pretty sure to catch their superficial glance; whilst the subtler thoughts, and the less obtrusively delineated touches, are almost equally certain to escape it. This is not as it should be, and, that it is not what the *reading* portion of the many require, is abundantly testified by the sensitive barometer of the publishers' shelves. Let but the public be assured by one journal, in whose probity they have confidence, that the work is worthy of notice, and the call for it is forthwith increased; whilst a dozen of the smaller fry may empty out their buckets of censure or hyperbolic praise without raising one ripple upon the level of the demand.

The ever-increasing wish for novelty, is, indeed, unquestionable, and the desire of these men to minister to it, may partly account for the superficial character of their opinions. It is impossible to read, or even to look over *carefully*, one tenth part of the volumes sent in for review; and, if they are to be noticed at all, they can only be opened here and there, and an opinion, hastily, and consequently of little value, pronounced. So it comes to pass, that a Procrustes law is enacted, by means of which *some* judgment may be given; and every volume is submitted to its test, and by it, lauded or condemned. Once let the public ear be

gained and these minors (if they have not committed themselves beforehand) are generally ready enough with their favourable "fiat;" but this is of little use, either to the author or the reader. Such criticism can then do nothing to exalt, and that it is equally powerless to depreciate, the demand for new editions of the works of that battered "Aunt Sally" of the Reviewers, Mr. Tupper abundantly testifies. But if, from the numerous calls upon the attention of these gentlemen, they are in some measure, compelled to be superficial, there can be no just cause why they should calumniate the dead. Their private opinions as regards the genius of Byron, Moore, and others of their standing, are by no means necessary for the information or instruction of the present age; and yet, upon all possible occasions they *will* persist in obtruding them upon our notice. "The writings of Lord Byron have been much over-rated." "We are heretics enough not to set a very high value upon Moore."

Now, whether Byron *be* over-rated, or these individuals the heretics, they, with such charming ingenuousness, confess themselves to be, is, to say the least of it, probably indifferent to those who have the means of judging for themselves, and can serve but one of two purposes,—either obliquely to insinuate what an original thinker the critic is, or to expand his article into a more respectable length.

As regards recently published works. The Press (as they somewhat magniloquently style themselves) may, now and then, succeed in damaging, or even in repressing, an ill-written book; but, granting this to be done, their achievement is worth little more than the invention of the enthusiast who produced a machine, combining all the great powers of mechanism, for the purpose of cutting his cabbages at one stroke. That which is worthless will soon die of itself, and, unless our clever friends be desirous of adopting the custom of that barbarous tribe who considered it a high moral duty for the nearest of kin to save their dying relatives from a more lingering end, by themselves terminating their existence, they would do well to leave these Ephemera unnoticed.

What the public requires, is: First, A more careful separation of the wheat from the chaff; and, Secondly, More truthful critiques of the works noticed. The reader cares but little whether the writer be Priest or Layman, Liberal or Conservative: he cares still less for the private bias of the Reviewer. If, therefore, Criticism is to be more than an advertising medium on the *one* hand, or, on the *other*, a mere vent for prejudice, the critic, like the author, must learn to "beat upon his own anvil, and sweat at his own fire." The man who speaks his opinions truthfully, and irrespectively of others, will generally find something worth saying, and worth listening to; whilst prejudice and class-writing will as surely never emerge from the estimation into which they have most deservedly fallen.

JUNE HAS BEEN WITH ALL ITS FLOWERS.

BY S. H. BRADBURY (QUALLON).

FAIR June has been with all its flowers,
 And May has gone unto the past ;
 The sunshine on the fields and plains,
 Like to a silver shield is cast.

The lilac bloom no more is seen,
 Laburnum flowers no longer swing ;
 But in the bushes like a choir,
 The merry-hearted blackbirds sing !

The rain is pattering on the leaves,
 The bee hums near the lush wild-brier
 Clouds in the west with gleaming tops,
 Are piled like banks of whitened fire !

The wild flowers, pink and azure eyed,
 Are shaded by the waving ferns ;
 And from the leaves in tiny crowds,
 Each drop of dew like fire-spark burns.

The woods are vocal with the birds,
 The wild rose blushes in the lane ;
 The sun-rise gives unto the clouds,
 And gorse-clad hills a crimson stain.

The leaves make whispers in the vale,
 Like vows of lovers, sweet and low ;
 The winds about the laurel trees,
 Made faint with thymy odours blow !

Like emerald billows moves the grass,
 Upon the meadows cool and sweet ;
 The lark goes soaring up the morn,
 Woke from his rest among the wheat !

One ceaseless sound is in the air,
 From birds, and insects, winds, and streams ;
 The leaves of roses in the lanes,
 Move like a maiden's lips in dreams !

PHOTOGRAPHIC SCRAPS.

BY G. D.

(Concluded from Page 166.)

No. 3.—MASON'S PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER V.

BEFORE another year had waned, Gertrude and Blanche had become brides each on the same day ; but I excused myself from being present, for I now knew too well the nature of the feeling existing in my heart for Ellen Graham, and the danger of another meeting. Young as I was, I could see that as an only son, heir to a large estate, and with a mother and sisters in the position of mine, such a marriage would entail on all a deep and lasting injury that I dared not contemplate. I would remain abroad, study hard, travel, anything to overcome this passion ; and if I could not stifle it, I could at least spare others the knowledge of it. My father rather encouraged my taste for travel, and was liberal in his allowance to me ; and I visited Spain, Italy, and Turkey, with, I trust, some little advantage to my mental culture, if not to the object for which these wanderings were undertaken. I know not when I should have had resolution to return home, had not letters reached me urging me to do so immediately, as my father was dangerously ill. There were no continental railways then ; and the utmost speed I could command was insufficient to enable me to reach Frimley before the last sad obsequies had taken place.

Sorrow for the loss of my father, and anxiety for the health of my remaining parent, for a time absorbed every other feeling ; but it soon became evident that I must decide on some plan for the future. I could not trust myself in the same house with Ellen and not see her, and if I saw her often, I felt I should betray my secret and occasion sorrow for her too ; for on the one or two occasions that we had of necessity met, I fancied I could read in the sudden flush that overspread her pale cheek, the trembling hand, and the evident desire to escape, the same feeling that agitated my own heart.

I think I hear some young reader say : "Love would never hurt one who could calculate so well on results." But though I believe it is too often a selfish passion, and in my own sex particularly so, yet my idea of real love necessitates a total abnegation of self for the welfare of the beloved object ; and unless it be this, it is not worthy to be called by the sacred name of love. Had I been without family ties I should not have hesitated one moment, but have sought Ellen for my

wife. Oh! happy if I might have devoted my life to her, and thus mitigated in some degree the sadness of her lot; and that I felt deeply may, I suppose, be assumed, since I have never married, nor ever felt it possible that another should displace the first and only passion I have ever experienced.

My mother's health and spirits had so completely failed under her recent bereavement, that I at last prevailed on her to seek a tenant for Frimley Wood, and go and reside in London, that she might be near my younger sisters, and less alone than she would be in the country. This was not so difficult as I had expected. A London house-agent soon found means to let the park for a long term; and it was settled at last, that we were to vacate the house in a month's time. It was again June, and park and gardens were rich in verdure and beauty, and all regretted leaving them at such a time. Poor Ellen seemed to feel it most; she almost lived in the flower garden, and there they always sought her when absent. I have said that she was of an extremely nervous temperament; and she was peculiarly influenced by thunder. It was not exactly fear, for she always assured us she really apprehended no danger from it; yet it was painful to witness the effect it had upon her. Her whole frame became rigid; her cheeks, always pale, became colourless; the sightless eyes were fixed, as though gazing on some fearful object. One day towards the close of the month, I had driven my mother and Mason in a waggonette to the neighbouring town where we each had many matters to settle previous to our departure. The morning had been fine, but we were detained some hours, and ere we started on our homeward drive dark clouds began to obscure the sky, and the air grew hot and heavy.

"I hope Ellen is in-doors," said Mason, as I saw my mother and her protected from the threatening rain.

She looked anxiously in my face, and that look sufficed to raise an alarm in my mind; and I drove so rapidly that my mother frequently implored me to be more careful. Long, however, ere we reached the house, heavy peals of thunder echoed among the hills around us. Mason's first question was, "where is Ellen?"

No one seemed to have remembered her in the numerous arrangements that pressed on each; they knew she had gone into the garden in the morning, but had not seen her since. With one impulse, Mason and I hurried there: she was not to be seen.

"Let us go to Rosamond's Bower," said I, leading the way far in advance of the trembling Mason. I reached the summer-house, hoping to find she had taken shelter there from the storm; and—oh! can I ever forget that moment?—there lay Ellen extended on the ground, the flowers she had gathered strewing her like a corpse: indeed, such I almost thought she was. One hand still grasped a bunch of her favourite Provence roses. I think that, overcome by the heat, she had been sleeping, and startled by the thunder had fallen in attempting to move, striking her forehead

against the corner of the table. The blood was trickling from the wound, and scarcely a sign of life appeared. I drew the roses from her hand, and thrust them into my bosom ; and, kneeling by her side, I pressed my lips to hers and madly called her *my Ellen*, and implored her to listen to me, to speak to me. A hand upon my shoulder recalled me to myself, and looking up I read in Mason's look of deep distress that she had heard all.

"Will you call some one to carry her in, Master George," she said, "while I get some water from the fountain to bathe her face."

"I will carry her in," I said ; "do not thwart me now, Mason. Terror has drawn from me a secret that has been long buried in my heart. I know your lips will be sealed as mine shall be henceforward ; but I must carry her myself : she does not know me, so there can be no harm to any one ;" and without waiting for further opposition I raised the light form in my arms, and followed by the terrified Mason, bore my precious burden to the house.

The rain was beginning to fall in torrents, the thunder still rolled over us ; but Ellen remained unconscious of all. My mother met us at the door, and seeing the state in which the poor girl was, instantly despatched a man for medical advice. I placed the inanimate form on a sofa, and left the room in possession of females who removed her wet garments and carried her to her bed. Dr. Harcourt arrived in a very short time, and applied such stimulants as his skill suggested. At length the fearful trance yielded to the remedies, but only to change to a still more fearful state of excitement resembling insanity, and shriek after shriek filled the hearts of all with horror. This continued for several hours till nature seemed exhausted, and she slept. Dr. Harcourt then left her, promising to return in an hour or two, and pass the night in the house. My mother followed him to the drawing-room to ascertain his opinion : his answer was as a knell on my heart.

"She *may* recover, for she is young, and youth will often struggle through danger that seems inevitable ; but her nervous system has sustained such a shock that I do not think she will live many hours."

He was, alas ! right. My mother and Mason watched by the sleeper till night waned, and the lovely summer morning dawned again. No traces of the fatal storm remained without ; all there looked fresher and brighter than before ; but one fair flower had been scathed never again to raise its drooping head. My mother was about to leave the room with stealthy tread, when a start from the sleeper drew her back to the bedside. She saw at once that a sudden change had taken place, and gently raised the dying girl's head on her arm.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Darrel," she said, "for all your goodness to me : may God return it to you fourfold. Aunt Ellen, dear, kind aunt Ellen, let me kiss you again ;" and with a last faint effort she threw her arms round Mason's neck and pressed her cheek to hers : then the arms dropped, and they saw that the gentle spirit had fled.

Who can tell the agony of the next few days to me ; my heart torn with grief, yet obliged to school every look and word lest I should betray the secret misery I was enduring. I would fain have shut myself up on plea of illness, but the responsible position in which I stood compelled me to take an active part in the arrangements for the funeral. I sought poor Mason in her little room, and strove to speak words of comfort to her.

"It is best so, Master George : she was a dear loving child to me, and I never could have thought anything would make me say this ; but I see that God has taken her in mercy—mercy to her, mercy to you and to me. I know that she had a sure and steadfast hope in her Redeemer ; when here, she seemed always to live more in His presence than in the world ; and I would not bring her back again now if I could. And you, dear Master George, must try and forget her, or at least forget that she was more to you than the blind orphan that you all cared for so kindly."

Forget !!

* * * * *

They laid her in a quiet corner in the old church-yard at Framley ; the flowers she loved best in life were planted over her grave, and my sisters and I placed at the head a white marble tablet with these few words :

Sacred to the Memory

OF

ELLEN GRAHAM,

WHO DIED JUNE 16TH, 1836,

AGED 17.

—
"Whereas I was blind, now I see."—JOHN IX. 25.

Mason had now no tie but in ourselves. She could not love us better ; but I think we all endeavoured more than ever to show a sense of the esteem in which we held her. If anything went wrong in my sisters' homes, no one but Mason could set them right ; and I believe my mother thought she could not exist without her for a week. But when we had been about two years settled in London, letters reached us from Amy, speaking of her health declining and the necessity for her returning, if possible, to England with her four children ; but she seemed hopeful that her native air would restore her, though dreading the voyage. Then followed one from Major Vernon, written in deep anxiety ; he could not obtain leave of absence to accompany his wife, nor did he like to trust her with only native servants : "would my mother spare Mason to go out to them, for Amy seemed to think no one else could nurse her?" Of course Mason herself had to be consulted, and it seemed one of her hardest trials ; for between her love for her mistress, her anxiety for Amy, and her dread of a voyage, she knew not how to decide. Self, however, never prevailed with her ; she read my mother's wishes in her looks, and begged her to write at once and say she would sail by the first ship. Preparations, even for India, need not take

long when wealth gives the orders ; so Mason sailed within a fortnight of her decision, with instructions to wait for letters at the Cape. There were no mail steamers then, and she had a two months' voyage to the Cape.

Her first greeting there was from Major Vernon, and a sad one it was : our darling Amy was no more ; she had declined rapidly after the birth of her last child, and the medical men deemed it hazardous to undertake the voyage. Her greatest comfort, then, was that Mason would fetch her children and take them to her mother. It was with difficulty their father obtained leave even to accompany them to the Cape ; and he must return by the same vessel by which Mason had arrived—fortunately being able to see her and his children in good hands, to be sent home by the first ship. Poor fellow, he never saw them afterwards ; he fell by the hand of one of his Sepoys, in revenge for some fancied injury.

The four orphans have of course resided with us ever since. Amy, the elder, has been married some months ; Maggie is a blooming girl of sixteen, very like her mother—gentle too, like her ; but the two younger are in a fair way of being spoiled, by grandmamma and Mason, whenever they come home from school. Mason, I trust, will end her days with us in peace ; at any rate *my* home will always be her's.

As she has passed the greater part of her life in our family, much that concerns us has of necessity entered into the narrative, and made it longer than I could have wished. In parting with poor old Mason, I may say that—though her's has been a sad tale—should you have patience to continue your acquaintance with me, I will try and find something lighter from the stores of my friend the photographer.

A VISIT TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN 1861.

BY A LADY.

To join the philosophers at the British Association is certainly a fair excuse, and a great temptation, to spend a week in some hitherto unvisited city or interesting town; and those who have worked away at home in ever so humble a manner at the truths of science in any form, may safely calculate on their meeting with many a kindred spirit. We of the outer world—laymen in science—seem, by these meetings, to be brought nearer to the magic circle. The tastes of all may be gratified. We hear the great men descant on their favourite topics in the morning, and we stand a fair chance of meeting them round the festive board in the evening; where we soon discover that *social science* is one element of the British Association. The desire to see an old and well known friend in a new costume is somewhat natural and perhaps stronger than the wish to make the acquaintance of a stranger in the same attire. So it was with ourselves when we set out for Manchester, the city so strongly associated with all our youthful recollections of warehouses, manufactories, and cotton mills—applied science undoubtedly, but presenting a very different aspect from the holiday-making, feast-giving, and joyous exterior which we remembered to have seen at Liverpool, Oxford, and other places on a similar occasion. We were curious to see how our own people would acquit themselves; for we own to being Lancashire witches ourselves, and we felt a strange pleasure in witnessing the meeting between our two circles—the one of our earliest days, when we were supremely ignorant of any of the ologies, and almost fancied others must have remained so too; and the circle formed in later life, of those who, after years of quiet work and investigation, appear on these occasions as the exponents of science. It was not strange that offers of Manchester hospitality should reach us even before we set out—for we well knew that in this respect all northerners set us in London a good example. In the provinces every one seems to have a spare bed, and never to keep it unoccupied. We heard rumours of wonderful preparations making for us—of extra wings being built to mansions to entertain expected strangers—and we had to take our choice of many tempting and hospitable invitations. A pleasant journey by the Great Northern Railway brought us to the centre of attraction. As we glided into the station, the well remembered atmosphere of smoke told us unmistakeably that we were in Manchester. A drive to the general reception room—the Portico reading room and library—seemed to be the first business; there to get letters, and papers, and programmes of coming proceedings. A perfect bee-hive

seemed to have taken possession of this usually quiet place. Familiar voices, on all sides, exchanged salutations; faces almost forgotten, but now recalled to memory surrounded us on all sides; and we had to tear ourselves away from many a pleasant chat, to proceed to our chosen quarters, a short distance out of town, where we found our kind host and hostess had been expecting us for some time. A banquet given by the Mayor at the Town Hall took off the gentlemen of our party, who appointed to meet us at the Free-Trade Hall in the evening, to hear the President's opening address. The very name of this great hall takes us back to the times when Manchester distinguished herself in the emancipation of her trade and commerce from restrictions alike injurious to herself and other nations—when by the noble efforts of men whose best energies were spent in the work, the poor man's loaf became cheapened and the farmer himself benefited. We had not until now seen this great forum of oratory, which will never be forgotten; but we thought its platform not unworthily occupied on this occasion by men who, in their turn, seek to remove all restrictions on intellectual food, and to render the truths and discoveries of science accessible alike to every class of the community.

The address of the new president, Dr. Fairbairn, was listened to attentively by a crowded audience. It was a clear and interesting *resumé* of most of the recent applications of science to practical purposes; a kind and hearty welcome to all strangers; and worthy of a man who, in the words of Lord Stanley, "must be heard with respect not only on account of his private character, but also because he himself is entitled to take an honourable place amongst the pioneers of scientific research."

Next morning the business of the meeting began in earnest. Large-headed, thoughtful-looking men might be seen hurrying to and fro between the different places of meeting; and the flight of steps in front of the Royal Institution, where many of the most interesting sections met, presented a busy scene all day long. The very excellent arrangements of the local secretaries, prevented much confusion which might have resulted from the tide of visitors to the reception room, intent on gaining information as to the day's proceedings. The great number of ladies present in the meeting rooms, and the business-like way in which they sat out lengthy papers and discussions, seemed to surprise some of our Manchester friends. They soon, however, no longer wondered, but joined in the pursuit of science themselves.

It struck us forcibly, that, in order to enjoy these meetings thoroughly, some sort of previous training is needed; the more complete the better, but if ever so slight, the interest is greatly increased. A lady friend of ours, whose only scientific ideas were such as were suggested by her drawing-room Vivarium, was greatly interested in many of the papers read in Section D—devoted to Natural History—and the discussions thereon. Names sounding unpleasantly learned, were to her household words, and the nature and habits of her marine pets were explained and discussed by hard-working philosophers to her great satisfaction. As our

own small amount of science is chiefly in the botanical and zoological direction,—in fact, such as may be gathered by any one out of the fields and woods, and a few pet animals,—our favourite haunt was the meeting-room of Section D. There we saw more familiar faces on the platform than in any other room, and heard pleasant discussions on subjects which had been more or less before us during the past year. The president of this Section was Professor Babington, recently appointed to the Chair of Botany at Cambridge, vacated by the death of the good and much loved Professor Henslow. His naturally quiet unexcitable manner, and his power of endurance and patient listening, at once commended him to us as a good chairman. We almost fancied we could detect in his countenance the faculty for close investigation, which produced the "Manual of Botany."

By his side, right and left, behind a long green baize table, sat the excellent and zealous Secretaries and their supporters on the Committee. We recognised among the many intelligent faces there arranged, that of Dr. Edwin Lankester, who, for five-and-twenty years, has worked in this his favourite Section, by the side of the lamented Forbes, Strickland, Ball, and others, who have passed away; Dr. Percival Wright, whose profile, whispered an artist friend at our side, reminds one of the Apollo Belvidere, Professor of Natural Science in the University of Dublin; Dr. Philip Sclater, the energetic Secretary of the Zoological Society of London; Robert Paterson, of Belfast, the well-known author of the "Zoology for Schools," who, with his characteristic kindness of heart and manner, encourages in all, but especially in the young, the study of his own favourite science. With him it is purely a work of love; for he is one of our men of business, who are but instances of what may be done in natural history, *con amore*. By his side sits another and a younger man, who is devoting much of his time and talents to researches in the lowest form of animal life, and yet he is a partner with, and the son of one of the great London bankers.

But one head, in that row of noticeable men, seemed to bear on it the marks of time; and those whitened locks possibly represent rather the hard work and late hours of a medical man's life, than any number of years. Manchester has, in the Professor of Natural History in Owen's College, one of our most distinguished observers. Dr. Williamson has to live by his profession of medicine, but, recognising the true relation of scientific truth with the practice of the healing art, he ventures to brave public opinion and prejudice, and to cultivate and publicly teach those sciences on which alone a rational system of medicine can be based. As the tall figure of our great comparative anatomist, Professor Owen, glided on to the platform, we could but regard him as a patriarch in science among so many of his younger brethren. The whole room became densely crowded to hear his paper on "Some Objects of Natural History from the Collection of M. Du Chaillu." Who has not heard of the courageous and wonder-working African traveller, and of his exciting

encounters with the strange and almost unknown inhabitants of Central Africa? If his own accounts of the sights he saw, of the hairbreadth escapes he endured, and of the singular and terrible animals he met with, were not sufficient of themselves to awaken the deepest interest everywhere,—the attacks to which he himself, and his narrative, have been exposed by English critics, have greatly added to the excitement concerning him. The paper read by Professor Owen gave a very clear and interesting account of M. Du Chaillu's collection of skins and skeletons, chiefly of the gorilla and other varieties of apes; and, in answer to a question, Professor Owen stated very clearly the differences which he believed to exist between the structure of the lowest form of man and that of the highest of the monkey tribe. After going into some anatomical details, he referred to the marked distinction of speech. He confessed his entire ignorance of the mode in which it had pleased the Creator to establish our species, as it was said, "out of the dust of the earth." By what marvellous process all that might be accomplished, was not told to us, nor need it be. Without, therefore, any kind of idea in his own mind, or any sense of a proof, or a demonstration, or an approximation, how man originated, he was quite open to any evidence that might be vouchsafed to us; and if, in future investigations, we should get a little more insight into the origin of our own species, he would most gladly accept it. During the reading of this paper and the subsequent discussion, many were the whispers around: "Where is he? Is Du Chaillu here?" And one stalwart, six-foot, powerful, and weather-beaten visitor, was regarded by many in his vicinity as the likely man. Greatly astonished were they, however, when out of the crowd briskly walked a small, wiry, and active little man, with a bronzed complexion, and a pair of most intelligent, expressive, but fiery dark eyes. He looks as though he could be angry and determined, yet withal there was such a modest grace about his manner and his words, that he won the good feeling of his audience at once.

Manchester might well feel proud that her own natural history resources should be represented, as they were, by her own citizens. In Section C, the geologists were all listening to a paper on the "Geology of Manchester," by Mr. E. W. Binney, an investigator worthy to sit by the side of such men as surrounded the table on that occasion—Sir Roderick Murchison, Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom; Professor J. B. Jukes, Director of the Irish Survey, with a head like that of Jupiter Ammon—as much regarded in the social circle as amongst the philosophers with whom he so diligently works—sitting by the side of Robert Chambers, the well known publisher, and supposed author of the "Vestiges of Creation."

Our eyes rested on the cheery and pleasant face of our Irish friend, Professor Harkness, who, while he illuminates the Cork boys on the subject of geological phenomena from the Professorial chair, also finds time to get through much original and valuable work himself. In this

Section we found the General Secretary, Professor Philips, one of the founders of the Association, who now, after thirty years onerous duty, seeks relief from his work, and introduces as his successor a younger man, as yet unknown to fame.

An hour spent in listening to geological discussions left us but just time to cross over the hall of the Institution and pass into Sub-Section D—devoted to Physiology—where sat Dr. John Davy, as president, the brother of Sir Humphrey. He was reading a curious paper, to prove that the generally received notion, that quick-lime will speedily decompose and destroy animal matter, is in reality a popular error; for that the lime is found to do just the reverse, and to have a preservative rather than a destructive effect.

The established dinner hour in all houses thrown open to British associates was five o'clock, and pleasant parties, assembled round the hospitable tables of our wealthy entertainers, thus secured sufficient time to season the repast with conversation, before again repairing to the evening's meeting. A happy device was usually adopted where we dined, to avoid the necessity of separating a party. After coffee had been taken, a well-cushioned and roomy omnibus was found to be in waiting, into which we all got, and were thus comfortably bowled into the midst of the busy throng once more. The Free-Trade Hall, on the occasion of this first evening soiree, seemed almost too densely crowded; and we began to think that the best means for ventilation had yet to be adopted in this great building. It seemed almost impossible to get a peep at the long row of beautiful microscopes which formed the chief feature of this meeting; but some of our more enterprising companions were well repaid for their perseverance. One hundred and fifty microscopes, most of them first-class instruments, were lent for the occasion; many by gentlemen in the neighbourhood. It was so arranged that the various departments of nature should be represented in this Exhibition. The mineral kingdom presented specimens of granite shown by polarized light, crystals, coal, and limestone. The vegetable world was seen in a fern, the fungus on a leaf, the pollen of a mallow, and other beautiful objects. A section of the human brain, an injected portion of a finger, an embryo or baby oyster, the feather of a humming bird, the gizzard of a cricket, the eye of a beetle, and the foot of a spider, all formed subjects of surpassing interest from the animal kingdom. The recently invented binocular microscopes of Mr. Wenham, were very attractive. They are so constructed that the use of the instrument no longer necessitates those ungraceful contortions of countenance, which we are all painfully conscious of when peeping with one eye closed into the single eye-piece of a microscope. Upwards of 2000 persons were present at this soiree, on the evening of Thursday, September 5th; we cannot say how many were fortunate enough to partake of the microscopic treat prepared for them. As for ourselves, we saw so many pleasant faces and old friends around us that we were content for the time to study human nature in its highest

form. All the Sections were here melted into one common brotherhood, and seemed to have thrown off their specialities to join in the general congratulation. The great Whitworth gun stood at the end of the hall, with its corresponding conical bullets, so unlike our ideas of ordinary cannon balls, that the only wonder is how any man can live to "fight and run away," with such terrible instruments in existence.

During the evening we fell in with some of our chemical and statistical friends, and promised to visit their departments next day. Accordingly we had the pleasure of hearing Professor Miller read a paper on the "Photographic Spectra of the Electric Light." By his side were Sir David Brewster, Dr. Robinson, and Professor Wheatstone. A pleasant discussion followed, and we retraced our steps to Sub-Section D, where, as we entered, an intelligent, sun-burnt looking individual was vigorously defending his own views on the subject of prison discipline. Full claim he had to be heard, moreover; for—after gazing at him for some time—"surely," said a medical man of our party, "that is my old friend Mouatt: he is medical superintendent of the prisons in India; we have not met since we were students together five-and-twenty years ago." Pleasant and gratifying was the recognition and meeting of these two old acquaintances at the close of the discussion; who, after many years of labour in different fields of science found in the gathering of this Association a mutual centre of communication and attraction. During this time, in the Geographical Section, intense excitement was prevailing to hear M. Du Chaillu recount his oft repeated tale of how he shot the gorilla. The simple and straightforward manner in which he speaks, together with his foreign accent and youthful appearance, cannot but prepossess one in his favour. One thing is certain if his narrative be but a fiction, as some say it is, he must certainly take rank with Daniel de Foe or any of our great writers of stirring tales of adventure; and we are inclined to think, had he determined so far to gull the British public, he would have been very careful to see that the small matters of dates, and times, and seasons, were perfectly correct. Just as we were leaving the Physiological Section, who should walk in but the veteran Sir John Richardson, to support his friend Dr. John Davy. His hale and hearty appearance brought back forcibly to remembrance, and strongly contrasted with our earliest impressions of the horrors of an Arctic voyage; and we could not look at him without being reminded of the fearful trial to which he was subjected when in the last stage of physical weakness and hunger.

The third evening of this exciting and busy week we spent in listening to Professor Miller's lecture on "Spectrum Analysis." The experiments were most beautiful and conclusive. We were shown how each metal had its own spectrum, and produced its own colour so unvaryingly, that the smallest portion can be detected. Thus, the very sun-light rays themselves are analyzed; and we are able, by the skilful use of the instrument invented by Bunsen to determine their nature and the media through which they pass in coming to us.

On Saturday morning, true to our inclinations, we again took our seats on the benches of Section D, and had the satisfaction of hearing a paper not *read*, but repeated, by its author "On the Method of Mr. Darwin in his Treatise on the Origin of Species." In itself the subject of the paper was enough to excite great interest; but when we found that Mr. Fawcett, with an unusual amount of intelligence, a fine manly frame and pleasing voice was blind, we listened with increased attention; feeling admiration for a man who could so far overcome the greatest of all physical afflictions as to master a subject which is fraught with difficulties and obstructions even to those who have every natural facility for study and research. We were told that Mr. Fawcett's loss of sight was occasioned by an accident while he was yet a student before he had taken his position at college, or passed his examinations. It did not, however, deter him from following out his chosen path, and finishing his collegiate course with credit and honour. The time occupied in the sectional meetings seemed all too short to allow us to hear all we had planned for ourselves; and the effort to accomplish all we wished—to hear one interesting discussion in one room, while in another room a paper was being read which we were longing to hear—resulted, on Saturday afternoon, in our running away altogether from the meetings, and taking a trip away out of the reach of smoke, and noise, and philosophers, to Alderley, a beautiful district in Cheshire, selected by many of the Manchester cotton lords as a site for their stately mansions. Here as well as in other suburbs of Manchester, we were greatly impressed with the grandeur and elegance of the mansions inhabited by those who spin, or weave, or otherwise make their money in Manchester. The tendency seems strong to spend their wealth on their homes. We concluded when observing this, that possibly one reason may be the absence of anything like attractive amusements, gardens, or such temptations to expense in Manchester, as exist and are largely supported in London and some other cities.

After visiting an invalid relative at Alderley, we persuaded a friend to accompany us to see the Copper Mines in the neighbourhood. It was a lovely afternoon, and we had rather a long walk through a pretty wild country; passing through some small farms belonging to Lord Stanley of Alderley. In one of these yards we saw a sight to be remembered. A splendid bloodhound lay on some straw, and as we approached she rose, and we saw she was surrounded with her family. Five such beautiful, well to do, magnificent young animals are not often seen. They ran towards us, and rolled over and over each other looking more like lion cubs than dogs—the largest was being kept, we were told, for the Prince of Wales. At the time, we felt more inclined to envy Lord Stanley these beautiful creatures, than his share in the copper mine, which we soon after reached. Here the sandstone is largely impregnated with copper ore; a large space is worked as an open quarry, but there are also tunnels driven into the sandstone, and one of these has assumed the proportions of an immense cavern. Some of the sandstone is so strongly impregnated

with copper, that it is of a bright green colour, but the average proportion is only one and a half per cent. In former times this would not have paid for extracting; but here was an instance of the practical value of science. By a cheap chemical process the crushed sandstone is exposed to the action of an acid, which dissolves away the copper, leaving the sand. Into this solution is thrown bits of scrap iron, old kettles, pans, and iron bands, this iron combining with the chlorine, precipitates the copper which falls to the bottom of the tank in a black form; and is then carted away to be further prepared for use.

While we were enjoying the fresh air of Alderley, the philosophers and their friends in Manchester, were deep in the mysteries of the telegraph at the Free-Trade Hall. Mr. Grove, F.R.S., gave a very interesting explanation of telegraphic instruments, their working and improvements. A very large collection of apparatus was displayed, and messages were sent to many of our great cities and towns and received from them. In the course of the evening a communication arrived from the late lamented Prince Consort at Balmoral, enquiring after the welfare of the Association, and was immediately answered by the President. Messages were exchanged with individuals at Hamburg, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Odessa. The temperature of some of these cities being given according to Reaumur and Centigrade scale, caused some amusement in calculation and reduction to Fahrenheit.

A quiet Sunday, at all times welcome to the busy and hard worked population of Manchester, came pleasantly to us in the midst of our brain work. We anticipated with interest what we imagined would be the tone of thought produced in the minds of the different ministers of religion, by the events of the past week. Sadly disappointed were we, however, to hear one of the great men of Manchester in his discourse, addressed specially to the members of the British Association. He seemed so little to have realized in his own mind the true nature of science, and her sacred and indissoluble connexion with all that is elevating and ennobling in life, that his very advocacy of what he considered to be revealed religion did but suggest antagonism where none existed, and produce a smile at his attempt to reconcile sublime truths, the facts of which he had never studied. We could but regard the whole discourse as a lamentable instance of a one-sided training, and utter ignorance of the laws of nature.

A new week seemed only to bring fresh energy into the absorbing occupations of the day—even fresh faces were seen of country friends who had just awakened to a sense of the objects of the Association, and thought it better to join “late than never.” The old attack was renewed in Section D, on the veracity of M. du Chaillu—in a letter which was read from Dr. Greig, who disputes the statement of Professor Owen that the King of the Gorillas was shot in the chest. Unfortunately, Professor Owen was not there to reply to the charge of inaccuracy, or to explain himself. The Rev. Thomas Hinckes read the results of his observations

on the development of the medusæ or jelly fishes, showing that in many cases the little polyp can be traced to its ultimate completion through the meduoid form.

In Sub-Section D, we had frequently observed a refined, intelligent looking member of the Committee whose name we did not know, but who evidently from his very contour, his manner and style of speaking, belonged to the unmistakeable band of modern philosophers. We fancied we could observe a change in the character and general appearance of the band of young men who are now rising to succeed those who took the lead in meetings of the British Association years ago. Their tone in discussion, their tendency rather to narrow the limits of the scientific circle than to popularize science, their very appearance and attire, contrast somewhat with our recollections of Forbes with his long, often dishevelled locks, far worn coat, but genial smile, and with the older philosophers even of the present day. May they as time rolls on with them, leaving his marks on their countenances, be as ready to acknowledge and foster merit in others as some of the patriarchs in science have been to advance them.

DISPERSING CLOUDS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "TRANQUIL HOURS," "SIR EDMOND," "THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER
OF TOULON," ETC.

At rest—composing thought!—at rest :
 Would grief that quiet break ?
 The slumber on a Saviour's breast,
 Which He does soothing make.

Woe-worn, world-torn, poor battered thing,
 Prosperity's stale jest ;
 Thou'st folded up thy broken wing
 Across thine heart opprest.

Pursued to death by Fortune's spite,
 Which worth does wealth debar ;
 Thou'st risen a transcendent light,
 A bright sublunar star ;

From heaven to beam refulgence down,
 And radiations shed,
 Like sparkles from a Monarch's crown
 When bows the august head :

There—where the poor hold highest rank,
 The patient poor, like thee ;
 The bitter draught, who smiling drank
 Of stringent penury.

There—where secure from heats and colds ;
 From pain, no opiate balms ;
 Where Jesus tenderly enfolds,
 In His fraternal arms

The foot-sore pilgrims, who have sought
The everlasting shrine,
Where, without money, rest is bought,
The rest of peace divine.

There—thou'rt adorned, like Persia's flow'rs,
That neither toil nor spin ;
Nor labour for the sordid hours,
The mercenary win.

From the tasked sinews, over wrought ;
From strength, does silent waste ;
And more—from apathy of thought,
Submissively debased.

O glorious change ! so clothed in grace,
In beauty so bedecked,
That there is not the slightest trace
Of soil, thy pure soul specked,

While passing through earth's turbid stream,
Its passage to the grave—
Where ends each visionary scheme,
Which did it *here* enslave—

To live the life by God decreed,
For those redeemed from doom :
It dazzles, musing on the freed,
Soaring beyond the tomb.

O glorious change ! reality,
Too grand to realize ;
Which can but comprehended be,
When unveiled mysteries

Stand open as the noon-tide clear,
Their veil by God removed ;
And we have learnt that *all* we ear,
We only should have *loved*.

SOME REMARKS ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

To the moralist or philosopher there does not exist a more painful or saddening spectacle, than that presented by the gaily attired throngs of good-looking and even beautiful women, that haunt our places of public resort, and who endeavour to corrupt and ultimately to ruin the young and unwary. The records of our prisons, of our workhouses, and of our hospitals could breathe many a heart-rending recital respecting the bitter anguish and misery entailed by the continued and increasing influence of that social evil, which defies the exertions of the good and wise to eradicate from our teeming shores.

Mothers clasp their little ones closer to their breasts, and murmur fervent prayers that their infant daughters may never experience the bitter and miserable life of the outcast; fathers often gaze on their bonny wee pearls of home, and sigh as they muse on the temptations to which they will inevitably be exposed, as the fair trembling buds of happy innocent youth-time expand into the rich beautiful flowers of maidenhood; and in many a home has been heard the sad and imploring tones of a parent breathing

"Let not my child be a girl,
For very sorrowful is the lot of woman."

Yet why should such be the case? The great Disposer of events surely never ordained that the world was always to be a sphere of suffering, misery, and despair. Is it not rather that, wittingly or otherwise, we transgress those social laws, on the proper observation of which so much of our individual and national welfare and happiness depend? Even so. Whilst we are crying aloud in our agony, and reproaching a beneficent Providence for the evils which exist around us, and which we but too frequently blindly accept as a necessary and immutable condition of our existence, the earnest and unwearied disciples of Social Science have been quietly, yet perseveringly, investigating the causes of all these things. Their labours have borne scant fruitage as yet, but even that little is a most promising harbinger of what will ultimately arise from the working of the good and ameliorating influences which they have set in motion; and in no case is this fact more apparent than in the question of Education.

Time was when the education of the people formed a problem far too difficult of solution even by the most experienced and sagacious of statesmen and legislators. Yet we are beginning to unravel the tangled

skein, and to create order out of chaos. The Utopia of one generation becomes the prosaic reality of another. Many mistakes are committed in our groping after truth, but the hand of time rectifies everything, and leaves the future clear before us. In nothing has so many errors impeded social progress as in female education.

The slave of one nation, the idol of another, Woman has frequently had to battle long and uncomplainingly for the concession of those rights, which the humblest female of the present day may unquestionably claim as her own. And while the social status of woman remained undefined, is it surprising that her education was based on the absurd and erroneous idea, that her sole mission on earth was to administer to the pleasures and enjoyments of man. In one shape or another, this opinion yet retains a certain degree of popularity amongst all classes, and until it is utterly eradicated, so long will the present system of female education contain an undue admixture of error and prejudice.

The training of a woman's intellectual and feminine abilities, ought to be regulated by the sphere which she is destined to occupy ; at the same time leaving her the power of raising herself, should circumstances render such a course necessary ; but, in a vast number of instances, female education is conducted on the directly opposite principle, and many of our young women are trained for a position which, in all probability, they may never attain. In many cases, young girls have been taken away from village and other schools by kindly-intentioned ladies, and reared in all the various accomplishments, which can only be indulged in by those who have the requisite means at their disposal ; and the result is, that, while debarred, by reason of their birth and want of means, from entering the rank above them, they are hopelessly discontented with that to which they belong ; and, in this unhappy frame of mind, easily become the victims of those who sacrifice every spark of manly honour and dignity to the gratification of their base and lawless passions. These things have been well described in a recent volume of verse.

“ Born to early want and hardship, never
Knew I childhood's free and careless heart ;
At the poor man's hearth the youngest ever,
As the oldest there, must play her part.

Ladies took me thence, a child unwitting,
Of my low and brutalized estate,
Clothed, and gave me learning more befitting
To the children of the rich and great.

So to early haunts again returning,
There to toil and eat the peasant's bread,
Pride arose and shame, and, undiscerning
Of the future ill, I turned and fled.

All my after acts and deeds confessing,
In good truth, what have I yet to tell ?
But the world-wide story ; want was pressing,
And the tempter there, and so I fell ! ”

And such has been the fate of thousands. It is of no use to lay the blame on society. As we find it, so must we take it. But, we can do one thing, and that is, to make the education suitable to the condition of those who need it. In all cases, however, be the learners of high or low degree, the instruction imparted, should consist of a useful and practical nature, rather than of a wholly ornamental kind. How many of those poor, miserable outcasts who shiver in the cold night air, as they pace, with weary, hopeless hearts, the wide thoroughfares of Edinburgh, London, and other dense centres of population, have had bitter occasion to rue that false system of education which has proved a snare and a curse unto them, and led them downwards into that gulf of misery, from which few loving angel hands are held out to rescue and redeem them. Surely this is a question worth considering. What say ye? O Philosophers of Society!

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THE ABORIGINES OF LITERATURE:

A PAPER ON NOVELISTS' HEROES, HEROINES, AND
VILLAINS.

BY SNAIK FOSTER.

(Continued from Page 174.)

THE KNIGHTLY HERO.

Who that has read the pleasant pages of a pleasant, kind-hearted man, will not be glad to have an illustration from Washington Irving? He furnishes an amusing narrative of a knightly hero; and, although possessing the soul of wit in its brevity, nevertheless his sketch affords the reader a specimen of what stuff romances were composed by the hundred, delighting the simple and the witty, and sending dullards, without imagination, into a comfortable nap.

"There was once upon a time a certain Duke of Lorraine, who was acknowledged, throughout his domains, to be one of the wisest princes that ever lived: in fact, there was no measure adopted by him, that did not astonish his privy councillors and gentlemen in attendance; and he said *such* witty things, and made *such* sensible speeches, that the jaws of his high chamberlain were well nigh dislocated from laughing with delight at the one, and gaping with wonder at the other. This very witty, and exceedingly wise Potentate, lived for half a century in single blessedness. At length, his courtiers began to think it a great pity, so wise and wealthy a prince should not have a child after his own likeness, to inherit his talents and domains; so they urged him most respectfully to marry, for the good of his state, and the welfare of his subjects. He turned their advice over in his mind, some four or five years, and then sent forth embassies to summon to his court all the beautiful ladies in the land who were ambitious of sharing the ducal crown. The court was soon crowded with beauties of all styles and complexions, from among whom he chose one, in the earliest budding of her charms, and acknowledged by all the gentlemen to be unparalleled in grace and loveliness. The courtiers extolled the Duke to the skies, for making such a choice, and considered it another proof of his great wisdom. 'The Duke,' said they, 'is waxing a *little too old*; the damsel on the other hand is a *little too young*: if one is lacking in years, the other has a superabundance.' Thus, the want on one side, is balanced by an excess on the other, and the result is—a well-assorted marriage. The Duke, as is often the case with wise men who

marry *rather* late, and take damsels *rather* young to their bosoms, became doatingly fond of his wife, and very properly indulged her in all things. He was consequently cried up by his subjects in general, and by the ladies in particular, as a pattern for a husband.

"There was only one thing which disturbed the conjugal felicity of this paragon of husbands. Though a considerable time had elapsed after his marriage there was no prospect of an heir; he fasted and prayed; he made vows and pilgrimages, but all to no purpose. Heaven would not be propitiated. The courtiers were all astonished at the circumstance; for while the meanest peasants in the country had children by dozens without putting up a prayer, the Duke wore himself to skin and bone with penances and fasting, yet seemed farther off from his object than ever. At length the Prince fell dangerously ill, and felt his end approaching; he looked sorrowfully and dubiously at his young and tender spouse, who hung over him with tears and sobbings. . . . 'Alas,' said he, 'tears are soon dried from youthful eyes; and sorrow lies lightly on a youthful heart: in a little while thou wilt forget, in the arms of another husband, him who hast loved thee so tenderly.' 'Never, never,' cried the Duchess. 'Alas! that my lord should think me capable of such inconstancy.' 'Far be it from me, my dearest wife,' said he, 'to control thee through a long life: a year and a day of strict fidelity will appease my troubled spirit. Promise to remain faithful to my memory, for a year and a day, and I will die in peace.' The Duchess made a solemn vow to that effect, but the uxorious feelings of the Duke were not yet satisfied. 'Safe bind, safe find,' said he; so he made a will, bequeathing to her all his domains, on condition of her remaining true to him a year and a day after his decease. But should it appear that, within that time, she had in any way lapsed from her fidelity, the inheritance should go to his nephew, the lord of a neighbouring territory. Having made his will, the good Duke died and was buried. Scarcely was he in his tomb, when his nephew came to take possession, thinking as his uncle had died without issue, the domains were devised to him of course.

"He was in a furious passion when the will was produced, and the young widow declared inheritor of the kingdom. As he was a violent, high-handed man, and one of the sturdiest knights in the land, fears were entertained that he might attempt to seize upon the territories by force. He had, however, two bachelor uncles, for bosom councillors—swaggering old cavaliers—who, having led loose and riotous lives, prided themselves upon knowing the world, and being deeply experienced in human nature. 'Prithee man, be of good cheer,' said they, 'the Duchess is a young and buxom widow; she has just buried our brother—peace to his soul!—he was somewhat too much given to fasting and praying, and kept his pretty wife always tied to his girdle. She is now like a bird from a cage. Think you she will keep her vow? Impossible! take our word for it: we know mankind, and above all womankind; keep a sharp look out, and the dukedom is your own.'"

We may be sure the watch on both sides was strict enough ; never was young and beautiful widow exposed to so terrible an ordeal ! but if she was cleverest of the two, who will wonder ?

“For the whole term of her probation, she proclaimed a strict non-intercourse with the other sex. She had females for cabinet ministers and chamberlains, through whom she transacted all her public and private concerns ; and it is said, that never were the affairs of the dukedom so adroitly administered. All males were rigorously excluded from the palace. She never went out of its precincts, and whenever she moved about its courts and gardens, she surrounded herself with a body-guard of young maids of honour, commanded by dames renowned for discretion. *She slept in a bed without curtains*, placed in the centre of a room illuminated with innumerable wax tapers : four ancient spinsters, perfect dragons of watchfulness, who only slept during the day, kept vigil throughout the night, seated in the four corners of the room on stools without backs or arms, and with seats cut in chequers of the hardest wood to keep them from dozing.

“Thus wisely and warily did the young Duchess conduct herself for twelve long months, and slander almost bit her tongue off with despair at finding even no room for a surmise. Never was ordeal more burdensome, or more enduringly sustained. The year passed away ; the last odd day arrived, and a long, long day it was. *It was* the twenty-first day of June, the longest in the year. It seemed as if it would never come to an end. A thousand times did the Duchess and her ladies watch the sun from the windows of her palace, as he slowly climbed the vault of heaven, and seemed still more slowly to roll down. They could not help expressing their wonder now and then, why the Duke should have tacked this supernumerary day to the end of the year,—as if three hundred and sixty-five days were not enough to task the fidelity of any woman. It is the last grain that turns the scale, the last drop that overflows the goblet, and the last moment of delay that exhausts the patience. By the time the sun sank below the horizon, the Duchess was in a fidget beyond all bounds, and though several hours were yet to pass before the day regularly expired, she could not have remained those hours in durance to have gained a royal crown, much less a ducal coronet. So she gave orders, and her palfrey, magnificently caparisoned, was brought into the court-yard of the castle, with palfreys for all her ladies in attendance. In this way she sallied forth, just as the sun had gone down. It was a mission of piety ; a pilgrim cavalcade to a convent at the foot of a neighbouring mountain, to return thanks to the blessed Virgin for having sustained her through the fearful ordeal. The orisons performed, the Duchess and her ladies returned, ambling gently along the borders of a forest. It was about that mellow hour of twilight, when night and day are mingled, and all objects are indistinct. Suddenly, some monstrous animal sprang out from a thicket with fearful howlings. The female body-guard was thrown into

confusion and fled different ways. It was some time before they recovered from their panic, and gathered once more together ; but the Duchess was not to be found. The greatest anxiety was felt for her safety. The hazy mist of twilight had prevented them distinguishing perfectly the animal which had affrighted them. Some thought it a wolf, others a bear, others a *wild man of the woods*. For upwards of an hour did they beleague the forest, without daring to venture in, and were on the point of giving up the Duchess as torn to pieces and devoured, when, to their great joy, they beheld her advancing in the gloom, supported by a stately cavalier.

"He was a stranger knight whom nobody knew. It was impossible to distinguish his countenance in the dark ; but all the ladies agreed that he was of noble manners and captivating address. He had rescued the Duchess from the very fangs of the monster, which, he assured the ladies was neither a wolf, nor a bear, nor yet a wild man of the woods, but a veritable fiery dragon ; a species of monster peculiarly hostile to beautiful females in the days of chivalry, and which all the efforts of knight-errantry had not been able to extirpate. The ladies crossed themselves when they heard of the danger from which they had escaped, and could not enough admire the gallantry of the cavalier. The Duchess would fain have prevailed upon her deliverer to accompany her to her court ; but he had no time to spare, being a knight-errant who had many adventures on hand, and many distressed damsels and afflicted widows to rescue and deliver in various parts of the country. Taking a respectful leave, therefore, he pursued his wayfaring, and the Duchess, and her train returned to the palace."

Now was not this accident unfortunate ? for you may be sure, nephew and uncles would make mischief out of such an adventure.

"A pretty story truly," would they cry, 'about a wolf and a dragon, and a young widow rescued in the dark by a sturdy varlet who dares not show his face in the day-light. You may tell the story to those who do not know human nature ; for our part, we know the sex and that's enough.'

"Of course it was in vain for the widow to protest : the character of the Duchess throughout the year was bright and spotless as the moon on a cloudless night. One fatal hour alone intervened to eclipse its brightness ; and, the dignitaries of the dukedom, finding human sagacity incapable of dispelling the mystery, determined to leave the question to Heaven ; or, in other words, to decide it by the ordeal of the sword, a sage tribunal in the age of chivalry. The nephew and two bully uncles were to maintain their accusation in listed combat, and six months were allowed to the Duchess to provide herself with three champions, to meet them in the field. Should she fail in this, or should her champions be vanquished, her honour would be considered as attained, her fidelity as forfeit, and her dukedom would go to the nephew as a matter of right.

"Time went by, and the heralds sent out by the Duchess had not succeeded in finding even one champion for the fair widow, who was reduced to despair, when tidings reached her of grand tournaments to be held at Toledo in celebration of the nuptials of Don Roderick, the last of the Gothic Kings, with the Morisco Princess Exilona. As a last resort, the Duchess repaired to the Spanish Court, to implore the gallantry of its assembled chivalry. Such an appeal to the brave hidalgos of Spain was answered by the King, in true knightly style ; whilst half the courtiers present were ready to renounce wives and mistresses and devote themselves to so beautiful a lady, and pressed forward to offer their arms and swords without inquiry into the merits of the case. It was clear, so beauteous a Duchess could have done nothing but what was right ; and that, at any rate, she ought to be championed in following the bent of her humours, whether right or wrong.

"The widow told her history, and the whole public was animated with enthusiasm. Missives were sent off at once summoning the nephew and uncles to mortal combat ; as for the champions of the Duchess, there were so many candidates for the honour, that lots were cast, and the three successful ones were objects of general envy."

The preliminary delays elapsed, and the struggle is thus described :

"The nephew and uncles rode into the field, armed from head to foot, and followed by a train of cavaliers of their own roystering class, great swearers and carousers, arrant swash-bucklers, with clanking armour and jingling spurs. At the same time, the sturdy and stalwart frames of these warriors showed that whoever won the victory from them, must do it at the cost of many a bitter blow.

"When the fair widow appeared, as she passed, every one made way, and blessed her beautiful face, praying for success to her cause. The trumpet sounded for combat ; the warriors were just entering the lists, when a stranger knight, armed in panoply, and followed by two pages and an esquire, came galloping into the field, and riding up to the royal balcony, claimed the combat as a matter of right.

"'In me,' cried he, 'behold the cavalier who had the happiness to rescue the beautiful Duchess from the peril of the forest, and the misfortune to bring on her this grievous calumny. It was but recently, in the course of my errantry, that tidings of her wrongs have reached my ears, and I have urged hither at full speed, to stand forth in her vindication.'

"The Duchess, recognising the knight's voice, joined her prayers to his, and one of the three champions had to give place, with murmurs, to the stranger knight, who offered to take upon himself the whole combat ; but that very great honour was not permitted him.

"The lists, at last, really opened ; the nephew and his two drawcansir uncles appeared, so completely cased in steel, that they and their steeds

were like moving masses of iron. 'O ho! Sir Knight of the Dragon,' said they, 'you who pretend to champion fair widows in the dark, come on and vindicate your deeds of darkness in the open day.'

"You may suppose the result! You can see the concussion—man to man—horse to horse—in mid career. Sir Graceless hurled to the ground and slain; his vanquisher, unhurt, spurring to the rescue of the two other knights, who are getting the worst of it from the brawny uncles. The stout stranger arrives at the most critical moment to turn the scales, transfixing one with his lance, and cleaving the other to the clime with a back stroke of his sword.

"All this *did* actually occur, and the trio of accusers were left dead upon the field, and *thus* was established, without shadow of doubt, the fidelity of the Duchess and her title to the dukedom."

In conclusion, of course, the strange knight turns out to be the bravest cavalier in all Spain—an undoubted hero; though successful, he had not escaped being seriously wounded in the combat. What is more natural than that the widow should nurse her deliverer? which she does, and when she has got him round, marries him, as a beautiful and grateful duchess should do! The history concludes by saying, that though the present husband of the Duchess did not fast and pray like his predecessor, yet he found greater favour in the sight of heaven, and was blessed with daughters lovely as their mother, and with stout and valiant sons who became renowned heroes; like their sire, relieving disconsolate damsels and desolated widows.

THE HERO LOVER

is a gentleman who thinks *two* the best company in this sublunary world, and prefers, if he cannot be with his mistress, his own society. He is, therefore, much given to soliloquize; and as he addresses such inanimate objects as trees and waterfalls, he generally secures the best of listeners. In revenge for this indifference to social numbers and good fellowship, three persons will seldom be found together who do not think the hero lover a decided *bore*; whilst, to introduce him to a crowd, would probably occasion an *irreverent majority* so far to forget his heroic character, as to hiss him out of sight. My illustration of him must therefore be very short, and I may as well observe that you will be responsible for your hisses to no less a person than the Right Honourable the late Chancellor of the Exchequer—a minister, by the bye, with whom we all like to keep on good terms.

Our hero lover has just caught a first glimpse of the heroine: his feelings, Mr. Disraeli has thus attempted to describe, with what success you will be able to judge:

"Amid the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and as instantaneously to feel an overwhelming convic-

tion that with that fair form for ever our destiny must be entwined ; that there is no more joy but in her joy, no sorrow but when she grieves ; that in her sigh of love, in her smile of fondness, hereafter is all bliss ; to feel our flaunty ambition fade away, like a shrivelled gourd before our vision ; to feel fame a juggle and posterity a lie ; and to be prepared at once, for this great object, to forfeit and fling away all former hopes, ties, schemes, views ; to violate, in her favour, every duty of society ;—this is a lover, and this is love ! Magnificent, sublime, divine sentiment ! An immortal flame burns in the breast of that man who adores and is adored. He is an ethereal being. The accidents of earth touch him not. Revolutions of empire, changes of creed, mutations of opinion, are to him but the clouds and meteors of a stormy sky. The schemes and struggles of mankind are, in his thinking, but the anxieties of pigmies and the fantastic achievements of apes. Nothing can subdue him. He laughs alike at loss of fortune, loss of friends, loss of character. The deeds and thoughts of men are to him equally indifferent. He does not mingle in their paths of callous bustle, or hold himself responsible to the airy impostures before which they bow down. He is a mariner, who, in the sea of life, keeps his gaze fixedly on a single star ; and if that do not shine, he lets go the rudder, and glories when his barque descends into the bottomless gulf.

“Yes ! it was this mighty passion that now raged in the heart of Ferdinand Armine, as, pale, trembling, panting, he withdrew a few paces from the overwhelming spectacle, and leant against a tree in a chaos of emotion. What had he seen ? What ravishing vision had risen upon his sight ? What did he feel ? What wild, what delicious, what maddening impulse now pervaded his frame ? A storm seemed raging in his soul—a mighty wind dispelling in its course the sullen clouds and vapours of long years. Silent he was indeed, for he was speechless ; though the big drop that quivered on his brow and the slight foam that played upon his lip proved the difficult triumph of passion over expression. But, as the wind clears the heaven, passion eventually tranquillizes the soul. The tumult of his mind gradually subsided ; the fitting memories, the scudding thoughts, that for a moment had coursed about in such a wild order, vanished and melted away, and a feeling of bright serenity succeeded, a sense of beauty and of joy, and of hovering and circumambient happiness.”

This illustration of the lover hero, is so complete that I will not presumptuously add one word.

THE VILLAIN.

If I now turn from love and happiness, and give a few extracts from a work in which a diabolical villain is sketched, I may remind you, that whilst at one time the traveller gazes upon the mountain's warm, sun-

lighted landscape, and next day views the same slopes and peaks as the lightening reveals their forms ; so, in the same book, after feeling ourselves exalted by noble affections and heroic character, we turn to the rugged and bleak sides of human nature, where the glaciers of crime slip, and the torrents of irregulated passions pour their roaring currents, to overwhelm or devastate the fairer sentiments that adorn mankind : for the world, we well know, cannot be faithfully represented by gardens and fountains only !

Having my pick among villains, and confining myself to a single illustration, I have selected one, whom to omit would be something like describing England, and leaving out London ! A name which, only a few years ago, like the Atlantic ocean which bore it, shook with its noise the shores of half the world, and which, now, to pursue the image, is like the same ocean becalmed, will be for ever fixed to the most ruffianly villain in the world. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe created the villain Legree, by whose side the ordinary villains of Novelists are really well-ordered individuals. In this one particular, the Yankees, who are always beating the rest of "creation," are welcome to the truth, for they certainly have succeeded.

The remark has been made, that there are some things which, even when accurately described, are not understood—from description, we are unable to realise the fact. The instance, that when we were told a comet's tail is some 100 millions of miles in length, and that its speed is 50 millions of miles in an hour, we only think, what a very long tail it is, and how very fast it moves ; but, if science informed us the swiftness was just *half*, we still should have exactly the same idea. And such is the case in many other instances : the subject is seldom or never brought home to our minds. I think this remark is true of slavery ! Can any one say, they distinctly understand, here, in free, happy England, what slavery is ?

The progress of the world—the great and happy changes from barbarism to civilisation—the triumphs of justice and truth over tyranny and error, I believe, are too often ascribed to human efforts and virtue, when the direct interposition of a merciful Providence, is, indeed, the sacred cause. Else, why is the institution of slavery—a black stain upon the gold scutcheon which progress blazons in the face of the nations—allowed to remain ? And, even the wisest, the most humane and enlightened minds, do not well know how to wipe it off. To think earnestly upon the subject, brings all good men to one common conclusion, which should call up, by the simple strength of human feeling, every father, brother, wife, and child to say, "*This iniquity shall not be* : we cannot eat, and we *will* not sleep, whilst this evil lasts." But, really, the position where this subject is left, in this age of progress, causes the most hopeful to look, rather for a dispensation of Providence, than for the efforts of civilisation, to enfranchise the coloured race. Talk of the crusades !—the rescue of the Sepulchre and Holy Land from infidels !—'twere a nobler cause to rescue

that emanation of Deity, that living Soul, *which is the living God*, existing in every black man's frame ; but amongst the Christians of the nineteenth century, the crusaders are found wanting to fight for, to champion, to rescue, the Holy Land of the human heart, the sepulchre of the body which the spirit makes holy,—whilst our untaught forefathers, fired with noble enthusiasm, were willing to embark life and fortune to recover from unbelievers the places our Saviour's footsteps had hallowed.

This state of things must, and would disappear like morning mist, if *you*—and you—and you—individual wherever you are—did but *realize* the pictures and descriptions which have been drawn of slavery. Could our civilized soldiers—I mean the Christian soldiers of Europe—but be marched one by one before a slave auction, they would make a *vow* : could the sailor, the strong-armed peasants, the thinking artisans of Europe be marched past a slave auction, they too would make a *vow* : could each rich man, each father, brother, and son walk slowly past a slave auction, they also must make a *vow* ; and, with the human pulse throbbing in their veins, that *vow* could only be—"Slavery shall be swept away."

For once, in this particular, the creature has in himself the power of his Creator. Man need but to command, and, as in the beginning, his world would be created : "Let there be light," and the light would be. The institution of slavery, like chaos, would disappear, as the several countries of freedom would rise, and lie smiling under the sun of liberty, by whose vital warmth the world can only be animated.

With all humbleness, I believe I may add, that when this *day's* work shall be done on earth, a voice will be heard in heaven to say : "Behold it is very good."

But, to return to the villain Legree, I leave Mrs. Stowe to present him before the reader :

"Mr. Haley and Tom jogged onward in their wagon, each, for a time, absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing—seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands, and organs of all sorts, and having pass before their eyes the same objects : it is wonderful what a variety we shall find in these same reflections !

"As, for example, Mr. Haley : he thought first of Tom's length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang ; he thought of the respective market value of certain supposititious men and women and children who were to compose it, and other kindred topics of the business ; then he thought of himself, and how humane he was, that whereas other men chained their 'niggers' hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, as long as he behaved well ; and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to doubt whether

Tom appreciated his mercies. He had been taken in so by 'niggers' whom he had favoured ; but still he was astonished to consider how good-natured he yet remained !

"As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head, again and again, as follows : 'We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come ; wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God ; for He hath prepared for us a city.' These words of an ancient volume, got up principally by 'ignorant and unlearned men,' have, through all time, kept up somehow a strange sort of power over the minds of poor, simple fellows, like Tom. They stir up the soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm, where before was only the blackness of despair. . . .

"Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces thronging around him for one whom he would wish to call master ; and if you should ever be under the necessity, sir, of selecting out of two hundred men one who was to become your absolute owner and disposer, you would perhaps realize, just as Tom did, how few there were that you would feel at all comfortable in being made over to. Tom saw abundance of men, great, burly, gruff men : little, chirping, dried men ; long-favoured, lank, hard men ; and every variety of stubbed-looking, common-place men, who pick up their fellowmen as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with equal unconcern, according to their convenience—but he saw no St. Clare.

"A little before the sale commenced, a short, broad muscular man, in a checked shirt considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbowed his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business ; and, coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting horror at him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round, bullet head, large, light-gray eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eye-brows, and stiff, wiry, sun-burnt hair, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed ; his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force ; his hands were immensely large, hairy, sun-burnt, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. This man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth ; made him strip up his sleeve, to show his muscle ; turned him round, made him jump and spring, to show his paces.

"Where was you raised ?' he added briefly to these investigations.

"In Kintuck, mas'r,' said Tom, looking about as if for deliverance.

"What have you done ?'

"Had care of mas'r's farm,' said Tom.

"Likely story!" said the other shortly, as he passed on. He paused a moment before Dolph; then spitting a discharge of tobacco-juice on his well-blackened boots, and giving a contemptuous umph, he walked on. Again he stopped before Susan and Emmeline. He put out his heavy, dirty hand, and drew the girl towards him; passed it over her neck and bust, felt her arms, looked at her teeth, and then pushed her back against her mother, whose patient face showed the suffering she had been going through at every motion of the hideous stranger.

The girl was frightened, and began to cry.

"Stop that, you minx!" said the salesman; 'no whimpering here; the sale is going to begin.' And accordingly the sale began.

"Adolph was knocked off at a good sum, to the young gentleman who had previously stated his intention of buying him; and the other servants of the St. Clare lot went to various bidders.

"Now, up with you boy! d'ye hear?" said the auctioneer to Tom.

Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks round; all seemed mingled in a common indistinct noise—the clatter of the salesman crying off his qualifications in French and English, the quick fire of French and English bids; and almost in a moment came the final thump of the hammer, and the clear ring on the last syllable of the word '*dollars*,' as the auctioneer announced his price, and Tom was made over. He had a master!"

A master to whom I direct your notice whenever you wish to become acquainted with a villain.

"He was pushed from the block; the short, bullet-headed man, seizing him roughly by the shoulder, pushed him to one side, saying, in a harsh voice, 'stand there, *you*!'"

"Tom hardly realized anything; but still the bidding went on—rattling, clattering, now French, now English. Down goes the hammer again,—Susan is sold. She goes down from the block, stops, looks wistfully back; her daughter stretches her hands towards her. She looks with agony in the face of the man who has bought her—a respectable, middle-aged man of benevolent countenance.

"O mas'r, please do buy my daughter!"

"I'd like to, but I'm afraid I can't afford it," said the gentleman, looking with painful interest as the young girl mounted the block, and looked around her with a frightened and timid glance."

"The blood flushes painfully in her otherwise colourless cheek, her eye has a feverish fire, and her mother groans to see that she looks more beautiful than she ever saw her before. The auctioneer sees his advantage, and expatiates volubly in mingled French and English, and bids rise in rapid succession.

"I'll do anything in reason," said the benevolent-looking gentleman, pressing in, and joining with the bids. In a few moments they have run

beyond his purse. He is silent ; the auctioneer grows warmer ; but bids gradually drop off. It lies now between an aristocratic old citizen and our bullet-headed acquaintance. The citizen bids for a few turns, contemptuously measuring his opponent ; but the bullet-head has the advantage over him, both in obstinacy and concealed length of purse, and the controversy lasts but a moment ; the hammer falls—he has got the girl, body and soul, unless God help her !

“ Her master is Mr. Legree, who owns a cotton plantation on the Red River. She is pushed along in the same lot with Tom and two other men, and goes off, weeping as she goes. . . .

“ Mr. Simon Legree, Tom’s master, had purchased slaves at one place and another, in New Orleans, to the number of eight, and driven them, handcuffed, in couples of two and two, down to the good steamer *Pirate*, which lay at the levee, ready for a trip up the Red River.

“ Having got them fairly on board, and the boat being off, he came round, with that air of efficiency which ever characterized him, to take a review of them. Stopping opposite to Tom, who had been attired for sale in his best broadcloth suit, with well-starched linen and shining boots, he briefly expressed himself as follows :

“ ‘ Stand up.’

“ Tom stood up.

“ ‘ Take off that stock !’ and as Tom, encumbered by his fetters, proceeded to do it, he assisted him by pulling it, with no gentle hand, from his neck, and putting it in his pocket.

“ Legree now turned to Tom’s trunk, which, previous to this, he had been ransacking, and, taking from it a pair of old pantaloons and a dilapidated coat, which Tom had been wont to put on about his stable-work, he said, liberating Tom’s hands from the handcuffs, and pointing to a recess in among the boxes—

“ ‘ You go there, and put these on.’

“ Tom obeyed, and in a few moments returned.

“ ‘ Take off your boots,’ said Mr. Legree.

“ Tom did so.

“ ‘ There,’ said the former, throwing him a pair of coarse, stout shoes, such as were common among the slaves, ‘ put these on.’

“ In Tom’s hurried exchange he had not forgotten to transfer his cherished Bible to his pocket. It was well he did so ; for Mr. Legree, having refitted Tom’s handcuffs, proceeded deliberately to investigate the contents of his pockets. He drew out a silk handkerchief, and put it into his own pocket. Several little trifles, which Tom had treasured, chiefly because they had amused Eva, he looked upon with a contemptuous grunt, and tossed them over his shoulder into the river.

“ Tom’s Methodist hymn-book, which, in his hurry, he had forgotten, he now held up and turned over.

“ ‘ Humph ! pious, to be sure. So, what’s yer name ?—you belong to the Church, eh ?’

"'Yes mas'r,' said Tom firmly.

"'Well, I'll soon have *that* out of you. I have none o' yer bawling, praying, singing niggers on my place; so remember. Now, mind yourself,' he said, with a stamp and a fierce glance of his grey eye, directed at Tom, 'I'm your Church now! You understand—you've got to be as I say.'

"Something within the silent black man answered *No!* and, as if repeated by an invisible voice, came the words of an old prophetic scroll, as Eva had often read them to him—'Fear not; for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by name. Thou art MINE!'

"But Simon Legree heard no voice. That voice is one he never shall hear. He only glared for a moment on the downcast face of Tom, and walked off. He took Tom's trunk, which contained a very neat and abundant wardrobe, to the fore-castle, where it was soon surrounded by various hands of the boat. With much laughing, at the expense of niggers who tried to be gentlemen, the articles very readily were sold to one another, and the empty trunk finally put up at auction. It was a good joke, they all thought, especially to see how Tom looked after his things, as they were going this way and that; and then the auction of the trunk, that was funnier than all, and occasioned abundant witticisms.

"This little affair being over, Simon sauntered up again to his property.

"'Now, Tom I've relieved you of any extra baggage, you see. Take mighty good care of them clothes. It'll be long enough before you get more. I go in for making niggers careful: one suit has to do for one year, on my place.'

"Simon next walked up to the place where Emmeline was sitting, chained to another woman.

"'Well, my dear,' he said, chucking her under the chin, 'keep up your spirits.'

"The involuntary look of horror, fright, and aversion with which the girl regarded him, did not escape his eye. He frowned fiercely.

"'None o' your shines, gal! You's got to keep a pleasant face when I speak to ye—d'ye hear! And you, you old yellow poco moonshine!' he said, giving a shove to the mulatto woman to whom Emmeline was chained, 'don't you carry that sort of face! You's got to look chipper, I tell ye!'

"'I say, all on ye,' he said, retreating a pace or two back, 'look at me—look at me—look me right in the eye—*straight*, now!' said he, stamping his foot at every pause.

"As by a fascination, every eye was now directed to the glaring, greenish-grey eye of Simon.

"'Now,' said he, doubling his great, heavy fist into something resembling a blacksmith's hammer, 'd'ye see this fist? Heft it!' he said, bringing it down on Tom's hand. 'Look at these yer bones! Well, I tell ye this yer fist has got as hard as iron *knocking down niggers*. I

never see the nigger yet I couldn't bring down with one crack,' said he, bringing his fist down so near to the face of Tom that he winked and drew back. 'I don't keep none o' yer cussed overseers; I does my own overseering; and I tell you things *is* seen to. You's every one on ye got to toe the mark, I tell ye; quick—straight—the moment I speak. That's the way to keep in with me. You wont find no soft spot in me, nowhere. So, now, mind yourselves; for I don't show no mercy!'

"The women involuntarily drew in their breath, and the whole gang sat with downcast, dejected faces. Meanwhile, Simon turned on his heel, and marched up to the bar of the boat for a dram.

"That's the way I begin with my niggers,' he said to a gentlemanly man who had stood by him during his speech, 'It's my system to begin strong—just let'm know what to expect.'"

THE HERO OR VILLAIN (ACCORDING TO TASTE).

Sir Bulwer Lytton in "Eugene Aram," who is the principal character in the book to which he gives his name, contrives with a certain skill, to which novelists owe a great part of their success, to awaken and keep alive the reader's interest from the first pages of his work to the conclusion, and only when the reader arrives at the last chapters does he learn the history of Aram's life. But, as in my plan I shall attempt to present to you his character in the view by which its lights and shadows can be best discovered, I must reverse, in some measure, the plan of the author and give the last chapters first, so that we may trace Eugene Aram in the natural order of his years.

Passing over his earliest childhood, with stating that he was born of a good and ancient family, whose possessions had formerly been much larger than those of Aram's father, so that, as in such cases generally happens, haughty pride was associated to moderate means.

When a mere boy Eugene felt the first stirring of that passion which became the demon of his life, as he himself declared. The love of knowledge in him was not an inclination and taste merely, it was a passion to which he was always willing to sacrifice the ordinary pleasures and objects of existence. The author's own words inform us:

"Opportunity or accident first directed his attention to the abstruser sciences: these he masters. Next history, poetry, the several learned languages became his study; and he acquired them all without assistance, the labour being sweet in proportion to its intensity. The world, the creation—all things that lived, moved, and were—became to him objects contributing to one passionate, and, as he fancied, one exalted end. He suffered the lowlier pleasures of life, and the charms of its more common ties, to glide away, untasted and unfelt. His parents died, and he became an orphan without a home, and without wealth. But wherever the fields contained a flower, or the heavens a star, there was matter of thought and food for delight for him. He wandered alone for months together,

seldom sleeping but in the open air, and shunning the human form as that part of God's works from which he could learn the least. The beauty of Knaresborough, and a facility of access to a good library, decided him to settle there. In great poverty he continued to live, maintaining himself only by the application of his abilities to common tasks. The employment of his genius on nobler subjects brought him no money and he bitterly says whilst he was grinding his soul down in order to satisfy his vile physical wants, the golden hours and glorious advantages of opening new heavens of science, of illumining mankind, were for ever lost to him."

Such is the first picture, which I suppose you will consider sufficiently unnatural, or *supernatural*, to lead the way for years of heroism!—to proceed :

"Beg he could not. Where ever lived the real student, the true minister and priest of knowledge, who was not filled with the lofty sense and dignity of his calling? Show the scores of his pride, strip his heart from its clothing, and ask the dull fools of wealth not to let a scholar starve, was what no true disciple of learning could ever stoop to do. Steal, rob, worse, ay—all those he, or any of his brethren, might do—beg, never."

Such being the confession of Eugene Aram, we shall next see the result of holding such opinions.

In Knaresborough, he had a distant relation, named Richard Houseman ; a wild, reckless character, whose habits had nothing in common with the habits of a student. This Houseman, when his purse wanted replenishing, adopted means of doing so, which made it necessary that his hours of business should be after dark, and the place of appointment generally away from the busy haunts of men. At such times and places, then, Mr. Richard Houseman speculated in the funds and was usually a gainer in each transaction : in plain words he was a robber.

On one occasion when in company with this *distant relation*, the highwaymen laughs at the scholar, maintaining his, the highwayman's, mode of getting money was much the easiest and best. Eugene Aram is of course shocked at such language, but, nevertheless, thinks over Mr. Houseman's argument.

"The conversation created dark and perturbed reflections. The temptation at last occurs ; a temptation peculiarly strong to the scholar's vein. He, who would have held back from robbing an ordinary man, argues away his principles as the object is, about the most worthless character in the neighbourhood—passing under the name of *Clarke*, and whose life had been one long day of cheating, knavery, and self-indulgence. 'A loathsome, grovelling fellow,' said Eugene to himself, 'who squanders on low excesses, wastes upon outrages on society, that with which I could make my soul as a burning lamp, that should shed a light over the world.'"

In such straight, upon a suitable occasion, Mr. Daniel Clarke is attacked by the professional highwayman and the student, and so vigorously, that he is killed and secretly buried. The event causes much noise and inquiry in the district; but the learning, and simplicity, and high character of Eugene Aram disarms all suspicion when examined. The spoil, in gold and jewels worth some £2000, is divided; and the student, having the wisdom and the will to do good to his fellow-creatures, has also now, for his frugal wants, the means whereby to live, and, without further efforts to earn bread, can occupy his mind with all the sciences.

"Three days after this murder, an aunt of Eugene Aram dies, who in her life had never assisted him, but dying, bequeathed to him a small independence. The news fell on him like a thunderbolt, and he thought he heard the devils laugh out at the fool who had boasted wisdom."

We shall now have to follow a man, who, whatever had been his theories and self-justification, knew he had committed murder, and that his life was forfeit to his country's laws. The Right Honourable author requests you, by the style of his writing, henceforth to sympathise with Eugene as a *hero*. Of course you are not supposed to know what you have already been told; but, as he could not have forgotten the episode of the murder, we shall be better able to judge of his future life by keeping the fact in our minds.

"He converted his booty into money and departed on foot to Scotland, and he says: 'Peaceful as he seemed to the world, he felt there was that within him, with which the world was at war.' Having once convinced himself that he had removed from the earth, a thing that injured and soiled its tribes—that he had, in crushing one worthless life, but without crushing one virtue, one feeling, one thought that could benefit others—he was not weak enough to feel a vague remorse for a deed, he could not allow in *his* case to be a crime: but he felt regret, that had he waited three days he might have been saved, not from the *guilt*, but from the chance of *shame*—of feeling that Houseman had power to hurt him; that he was no longer above the reach of human malice, or human curiosity; that he was made a slave to his own secret; that he was no longer lord of his heart, to show or to conceal it; that at any hour, in the possession of honours, by the hearth of love, he might be dragged forth and proclaimed a murderer; that he held his life, his reputation, at the breath of accident; that in the moment he least dreamed of, the earth might yield its dead, and the gibbet demand its victim. He says the *past* was to him a spectre that glided between him and the stars of heaven, that stole among the flowers and withered their sweet breath."

It is at this point I have to put my question: If Eugene Aram,

having committed murder and knowing well, as he says himself, in the preceding passage, that at any moment he was liable, from *the hearth of love*, to be dragged away and proclaimed a murderer ; knowing this—if he shall enter one of the purest and most beautiful homes in all England, and engage the affections of a young girl, daughter of a gentleman whose very life is the honour he has preserved unstained through sixty years—let every one answer me who can understand what *true* sentiment is, distinct from *false* sentiment, that Eugene Aram, whatever his learning, however high his genius, is a barbarous villain. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer undertakes however, as you will see, to make you like the man, and to that end employs his powerful and celebrated pen ; with what success we shall presently learn.

“After wandering some time, Eugene discovers in his travels a very lovely and remote village, called *Grassdale*. To him it seemed a place where he could live unknown, amongst the beauties of nature, and prosecute the study of her mysteries with an undisturbed mind ; and in this village he rents a large and lonely house, rarely seeing or visiting any person, but occasionally receiving calls from learned men, who in different parts of the world had heard of the student's vast acquirements and wisdom. The squire of the hamlet was Rowland Lester, whose family consisted of two daughters and a nephew, Walter, whose father had been a wild character and had left the country, and of whose existence or whereabouts no traces remained.”

To shorten the tale, I may briefly say, that Eugene Aram becomes betrothed to Madeleine Lester, a girl of very noble character and great beauty. After some delay the marriage day is fixed. Rowland Lester, the father, who greatly estimates the learning and habits of his intended son-in-law, pays him a portion of his daughter's dowry a few days before the marriage. Can you imagine the purpose to which it was to be applied ? To send out of the country, the accomplice of her lover—Houseman, whose habits had become confirmed in crime, and who continually harassed the student for money, until he had exhausted all his resources, the last of which, with the marriage portion, was to buy the wretch's silence.

Now Walter Lester, the nephew, had always exhibited a dislike of his neighbour, and feeling an internal prompting to discover his father, had set out upon the attempt, and, after many wonderful researches, had arrived at Knaresborough at the moment when the discovery of the bones of Daniel Clarke is made. This Daniel Clarke was Walter's father, and therefore Madeleine was about to be married to her uncle's murderer. Can you imagine a more horrible story ? Walter returns post to Grassdale, and has Eugene Aram arrested. Madeleine, arrayed in her bridal clothes, then meets her lover. The magistrate, and officers even, believe there must be a mistake, and poor Walter can hardly support his position, under the reproaches of his family. Of course Eugene Aram denies the charge.

In such straight, upon a suitable occasion, Mr. Daniel Clarke is attacked by the professional highwayman and the student, and so vigorously, that he is killed and secretly buried. The event causes much noise and inquiry in the district; but the learning, and simplicity, and high character of Eugene Aram disarms all suspicion when examined. The spoil, in gold and jewels worth some £2000, is divided; and the student, having the wisdom and the will to do good to his fellow-creatures, has also now, for his frugal wants, the means whereby to live, and, without further efforts to earn bread, can occupy his mind with all the sciences.

"Three days after this murder, an aunt of Eugene Aram dies, who in her life had never assisted him, but dying, bequeathed to him a small independence. The news fell on him like a thunderbolt, and he thought he heard the devils laugh out at the fool who had boasted wisdom."

We shall now have to follow a man, who, whatever had been his theories and self-justification, knew he had committed murder, and that his life was forfeit to his country's laws. The Right Honourable author requests you, by the style of his writing, henceforth to sympathise with Eugene as a *hero*. Of course you are not supposed to know what you have already been told; but, as he could not have forgotten the episode of the murder, we shall be better able to judge of his future life by keeping the fact in our minds.

"He converted his booty into money and departed on foot to Scotland, and he says: 'Peaceful as he seemed to the world, he felt there was that within him, with which the world was at war.' Having once convinced himself that he had removed from the earth, a thing that injured and soiled its tribes—that he had, in crushing one worthless life, but without crushing one virtue, one feeling, one thought that could benefit others—he was not weak enough to feel a vague remorse for a deed, he could not allow in *his* case to be a crime: but he felt regret, that had he waited three days he might have been saved, not from the *guilt*, but from the chance of *shame*—of feeling that Houseman had power to hurt him; that he was no longer above the reach of human malice, or human curiosity; that he was made a slave to his own secret; that he was no longer lord of his heart, to show or to conceal it; *that at any hour, in the possession of honours, by the hearth of love*, he might be dragged forth and proclaimed a murderer; that he held his life, his reputation, at the breath of accident; that in the moment he least dreamed of, the earth might yield its dead, and the gibbet demand its victim. He says the *past* was to him a spectre that glided between him and the stars of heaven, that stole among the flowers and withered their sweet breath."

It is at this point I have to put my question: If Eugene Aram,

having committed murder and knowing well, as he says himself, in the preceding passage, that at any moment he was liable, from *the hearth of love*, to be dragged away and proclaimed a murderer; knowing this—if he shall enter one of the purest and most beautiful homes in all England, and engage the affections of a young girl, daughter of a gentleman whose very life is the honour he has preserved unstained through sixty years—let every one answer me who can understand what *true* sentiment is, distinct from *false* sentiment, that Eugene Aram, whatever his learning, however high his genius, is a barbarous villain. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer undertakes however, as you will see, to make you like the man, and to that end employs his powerful and celebrated pen; with what success we shall presently learn.

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The trial takes place at York, and he is pronounced guilty. Madeleine sinks under the terrible blow, and her father dies soon after. Eugene Aram, conducting his own defence, tried to disprove the evidence with much success with most persons : in prison, however, he writes a confession, to satisfy Walter that he had not prosecuted an innocent man, which, from the prisoner's defence, was much believed. With his execution the drama ends. And despite the language of the Right Honourable author, of his fine descriptions, and his pleadings for the principal character of his book, whilst I leave you to decide whether Eugene Aram was a hero or a villain, I must be permitted to say, that I cannot imagine any circumstances whatever—any position however extraordinary, or the passion of love however strong—would have led a *hero* into the commission of that second crime ; which, in its results, plunged a whole family into the deepest misery, and, as a crime, was more selfish, cruel, and wicked than the murder committed in the early part of Eugene Aram's life. I should remind you, that the story of this wonderful man is a fact in a great measure ; but Sir E. B. Lytton must always be responsible for those details of his character which I cannot but think false and revolting to true sentiment, and which never existed except in a novelist's pages.

THE SUPPER-PARTY HERO.

To change the character, the next illustration of heroes is from Prince Charlie—as Mr. Charles Dickens is sometimes called. He is the hero of a supper-party, a position in which the author shows a man may shine, and distinguish himself—as you will see.

"It is New Year's Day, and we can fancy one of these parties, we think, as well as if we were duly dress-coated and pumped, and had just been announced at the drawing-room door. . . . Take the house with the green blinds, for instance. We know it is a quadrille party, because we saw some men taking up the front drawing-room carpet this morning while we sat at breakfast ; and, if the truth must be told, and further evidence is required, we must say we saw just now one of the young ladies *doing* another of the young ladies' hair, near one of the bed-room windows, in an unusual style of splendour, which nothing else but a quadrille party could possibly justify. The master of the house with the green blinds is in a public office : we know the fact by the cut of his coat, the tie of his neckcloth, and the self-satisfaction of his gait : the very green blinds themselves have a Somerset-House air about them.

"Hark ! a cab ! That's a junior clerk in the same office : a tidy sort of young man, with a tendency to cold and corns, who comes in a pair of boots with black cloth fronts, and brings his shoes in his coat-pocket ; which shoes he is at this very moment putting on in the hall. Now, he is announced by the man in the passage to another man in a blue coat,

who is a disguised messenger from the office. The man on the first landing precedes him to the drawing-room door. 'Mr. Tupples,' shouts the messenger. . . . 'How *are* you, Tupples?' says the master of the house, advancing from the fire, before which he has been talking politics and airing himself. 'My dear, this is Mr. Tupples:' a courteous salute from the lady of the house. 'Tupples; my eldest daughter: Julia, my dear; Mr. Tupples.' 'Tupples; my other daughter, and my son, sir.' . . . Tupples rubs his hands very hard, and smiles as if it were all capital fun, and keeps constantly bowing and turning himself round, till the whole family have been introduced, when he glides into a chair at the corner of a sofa, and opens a miscellaneous conversation with the young ladies upon the weather, and the theatres, and the old year, and the last new murder, and the balloon, and the ladies' sleeves, and the festivities of the season, and a great many topics of small talk. . . . More double knocks; what an extensive party, what an incessant hum of general conversation and general sipping of coffee. . . . We see Tupples now, in our mind's eye, in the height of his glory. He has just handed that stout old lady's cup to the servant; and, now, he dives among the crowd of young men by the door, to intercept the other servant, and secure the muffin plate for the old lady's daughter, before he leaves the room; and now, as he passes the sofa on his way back, he bestows a glance of recognition and patronage upon the young ladies, as condescending and familiar as if he had known them from infancy. . . . 'Charming person, Mr. Tupples! perfect ladies' man; such a delightful companion too!' Laugh! nobody understands Papa's jokes half so well as Mr. Tupples, who laughs himself into convulsions at every fresh burst of facetiousness. 'Most delightful partner! talks through the whole set! and although, *at first*, he does seem frivolous and gay, so romantic, and with *so* much feeling!' 'Quite a love!' 'No great favourite with the young men who sneer at and affect to despise him; but everybody knows that's only envy; and they needn't give themselves the trouble to depreciate his merits at any rate, for Ma says he shall be asked to every future dinner party, if it's only to talk to people between the courses, and distract their attention when there's any unexpected delay in the kitchen.'

"At supper Mr. Tupples shows to still greater advantage than he has done throughout the evening, and when Pa requests every one to fill their glasses, for the purpose of drinking happiness throughout the year, Mr. Tupples is *so* droll; insisting on all the young ladies' having their glasses filled, notwithstanding their repeated assurances that they never can, by any possibility, think of emptying them: and, subsequently begging permission to say a few words on the sentiment which has just been uttered by Pa; when he makes one of the most brilliant and poetical speeches that can possibly be imagined, about the old year and the new one. After the toast has been drunk and the ladies retired, Mr. Tupples requests that every gentleman will do him the favour of filling his glass, for he has a toast to propose. This toast is preluded by such terms as 'hearts

captivated,' 'bewitching conversation,' 'concentration of female loveliness," and therefore, we may be sure, is,

'The Ladies—a Happy New Year to them!'

However, the supper-party hero is not done with speech-making. He sees a young gentleman in a pink under-waistcoat at the bottom of the table growing very restless and fidgety, evincing strong indications of a latent desire to give vent to his feelings in a speech, which the wary Tupples, at once perceiving, determines to forestall by speaking himself. He, therefore, rises again with an air of solemn importance, and trusts he may be permitted to propose another toast. (Unqualified approbation, and Mr. Tupples proceeds.) . . . He is sure they must all be deeply impressed with the hospitality—he may say the splendour—with which they have been that night received by their worthy host and hostess. (Unbounded applause.) Although this is the first occasion on which he has had the pleasure and delight of sitting at that board, he has known his friend Dobbles long and intimately; he has been connected with him in business; he wishes everybody present knew Dobbles as well as he does. (A cough from the host.) He (Tupples) can lay his hand upon his (Tupples's) heart and declare his confident belief, that a better man, a better husband, a better father, a better brother, a better son, a better relation in any relation of life, than Dobbles, never existed. (Loud cries of, hear!) They have seen him to-night in the peaceful bosom of his family: they should see him in the morning in the trying duties of his office. Calm, in the perusal of the morning papers; uncompromising, in the signature of his name; dignified, in his replies to the enquiries of stranger applicants; deferential, in his behaviour to his superiors; majestic in his deportment to the messengers. (Cheers). When he bears this merited testimony to the excellent qualities of his friend Dobbles, what can he say in approaching such a subject as Mrs. Dobbles?"

What our supper-party hero *does* say, of that lady, of her daughters and son, is drunk with acclamation; above which, the noise of ladies dancing the Spanish dance among themselves, is distinctly audible; and, of course, rouses the young men to start up and rejoin the ladies in the drawing-room, where, we may be sure, *after supper*, the hero Tupples is the Apollo of that Elysium.

(To be continued.)

THE INSTITUTION OF THE TUB.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

WE live in an age when people wash themselves. It was not always so. It is not so many centuries since there was an era when personal cleanliness was comparatively unknown ; when ablutions were but partial, and confined to the face and hands ; and when all that was hidden by the dress was allowed to take care of itself from week to week, perhaps from month to month, and (is it possible !) from year to year. And was this unclean era so very long ago ? Certainly it must have been prior to the date of the institution of the tub ; but, did not the observant Madame de Stael refer to it, when she so thoughtfully said, "We wash our hands every day ; but our feet—never !" Undoubtedly she did. Think of a bed-room in George the Third's days ! Was it ever considered necessary to supply the wash-stand and its *environs* with such articles as would enable the occupant of the chamber to sponge over the entire surface of his ambrosial body, and to splash about in his bath, like a delighted duck, or Siamese baby ? Nothing of the kind. The institution of the tub has been reserved for the Victorian age, and has sprung into existence together with baths and wash-houses, and the water-cure system. And now, a sponging-bath, a hip bath, a shower bath, or a tub of some kind, is considered indispensably necessary to every properly-appointed bed-room, together with one of those basons of ample dimensions in which young England rejoices, and which so greatly astonishes the foreigner accustomed to perform his sanatory deeds in the pie-dish and milk-jug of continental bed-room crockery. Pleasant is it to lie in bed and watch your servant preparing your matutinal tub, or hear him in the dressing-room getting all in order ; and then to listen for his tap, and "Your bath is ready, sir ;" and then, pleasanter still is it to feel the cool and purifying stream as it pours so refreshingly over you, and braces you for healthy work. You may splash about as much as you please : the large bath, and the still larger oil-cloth, will allow you to shake yourself like a Newfoundland dog emerging from the waves, and to thank your stars that you live in a tubbing age. The bathings of Diana and her nymphs would have been anachronisms in the last century, and would have afforded Swift materials for a new Tale of a Tub. The tubbing of that time would have been as unsatisfactory as the tubbing of Diogenes, whose cask, no doubt, was a filthy, vermin-haunted abode. If the author of *Lady Lee's Widowhood* had ante-dated his tale to the early part of George the Third's reign, he could never have drawn that delightful picture of the pretty Rosy in her shower bath, receiving the shock of the descending stream with a little shriek like a strangled mouse.

Nowhere is the institution of the tub more popular than at our Uni-

versities. Small as are the generality of College dormitories, yet they are liberally supplied with all the appliances for a thorough and copious washing of their owner from top to toe. The shower-bath, tub, water-cans, and wash-hand-stand often take up far more space than the bed ; so that, in a room of limited dimensions, its tenant will literally step out of his bed into his bath. Not so unexpectedly, however, as once happened to the poet Gray, at St. Peter's College, Cambridge. His over-fastidiousness had made him the subject of many practical jokes ; and, among other things, his dread of fire was so great, that, in order to be prepared for the worst, he kept a rope-ladder by his bed-side, and practised himself by fixing it to his window and descending to the court beneath. One night, the young poet was roused from sleep by the terrible cry of "Fire !" he sprang out of bed and threw open the window. "The staircase is in flames !" cried voices from beneath. Without more ado, and with his night-shirt waving in the wind, he planted his bare feet on his rope-ladder, tripped down it with well-practised celerity, and landed in a large tub of water, from which he emerged half-drowned amid the jeers of the silly practical jokers. The poet never forgot the jest, but removed to Pembroke Hall ; and afterwards, when recalling the characters of his fellow-students, designated his University as "the joy of wild asses."

In the fifteenth century youths of noble rank were sent to College without a change of linen ; but whether or no they lay in bed while their only shirt was washed, we know not. Tubbing, however, was not unknown even then ; for, large tubs and baths were used, over which was hung a curtain after the fashion of a modern French bed. Collegians and cleanliness go together ; and it is to be hoped that the cleanliness is next to godliness. For refreshment after mental fatigue, no less than for recruiting the overstrained muscles, there is nothing like a bath, and "a good wash ;" and the student goes to his Tub, much in the same way, and for a like purpose that Ulysses used his *asaminthos* bath in Circe's palace. Indeed if the collegiate Sanatorians should ever sigh for the classical times which they have to make their study, they would probably prefer to live in that golden age, whose wisest philosopher pronounced water to be the best of things, and whose imperial city could boast eight hundred public baths. Naturalists might, indeed, compare collegians to cats or *cati-mundis* ; for they are always washing themselves. They seem to be thoroughly happy when going through their ablutions or putting on clean linen. Could any foreign University have produced a student like to the Oxford man, who, because he put on only three clean shirts a day, was called "Dirty shirt Robinson," to distinguish him from another Robinson who put on four ? Of a different "complexion" must have been the linen of the ancient Cantab, of whom mention is made by Joe Miller, (that original old Joe upon whom Motley the dramatist fathered so many bad jokes) "an arch wag of St. John's College," says this recondite humourist, "asked another of the same college who was a great sloven, why he would not read a certain author named Go-Clenius." What the conscience-stricken Johnian replied, and whether he straight-

way employed a laundress and lived cleanly ever after, Mr. Joe Miller does not inform us. But this is not the only instance of a dirty shirt Cantab, belonging to a happily extinct race. That eccentric individual the Rev. George Harvest, who, on his wedding day, forgot his peculiar engagement, and went out fishing, for which conduct the expectant bride, (a daughter of the Bishop of London), punished him by uniting herself to the Bishop of Bristol—when travelling in France lost his way, and wished to get back to his inn, “the White Lion.” How should he make known his want? Dead languages he knew, but not a word of French; so he was compelled to expose his wants by the means of pantomime. He therefore walked into a bookseller’s shop, and to the alarm of its proprietor, roared and pawed with his arms, and did his best to assume the heraldic attitude of a lion rampant. Very good so far; the ready-witted Frenchman recognised the portrait, and signified his acquiescence in its correctness. But how was he to be informed that the animal was a white lion, and not red, or black? A happy thought struck the Cantab, he would unbutton his waistcoat, and display his breastplate of snowy body-linen. Alas! the linen he revealed, was the very reverse of white; and nothing but the wit and politeness of the Frenchman, could have extricated Mr. dirty-shirt Harvest from his difficulty.

Is the following narrative a mythic legend, a tale told to the marines? I know not; but it has to do with the institution of the tub, and therefore I here give it place. In the last days of the Birmingham and Oxford coach, three undergraduates once found themselves the involuntary inside passengers, the licensed quartet being made up by a fat and frousy German. The day was hot; the coach was stuffy, the foreigner was not pleasant to look upon, and the odour diffused around him was anything but that of Araby the blest. As one of the party expressed it, he was decidedly “a strong smelling Christian.” The undergraduates regarded him as a *lusus nature*, a black swan, a man who did not wash! and one of them, imagining that the German’s profound silence proceeded from his ignorance of the English tongue, observed to his friends, “do look at that fellow’s hands!” The foreigner heard and understood the words, although he misinterpreted them as complimentary; and, by way of meeting civility half way, said with a fat chuckle, “ha, ha! you should zee mine toes!” We will draw a curtain over the scene; and only remark that there is another follower of Madame de Stael of whose ingenuous remark on a certain occasion the German may have heard, and have quoted for his own case. It is said of Lady Mary Wortley Montague (whose dress Horace Walpole described as consisting of a ground work of dirt with an embroidery of filthiness) that when an intimate friend in Paris expostulated with her on the extreme dirtiness of her hands, she carelessly replied, “my hands? ah! if you could only see my feet!” But her Ladyship lived in a pre-tubbian age.

Yet, how would those three undergraduates in particular, and all collegians, and cleanly people in general, have fled her nastyship’s presence, and from thenceforth condemned that eccentric specimen of the

to rank with the vulgar herd of the great unwashed. How, too, they would scout the society of that naval Captain, who, when his partner at a Portsmouth ball delicately hinted that he had better conceal his dirty hands by putting on his gloves, made answer, "Never mind me, ma'am ; I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing." How, too, they would banish from their company that Dr. Watt, who, at a dinner-party, where he unwisely had laid his far-from-clean left hand upon the snowy damask—presenting a contrast the very reverse to "a pearl upon an Ethiop's cheek"—overheard a guest's stage whisper, "What a dirty hand !" and replied, "I'll bet you a guinea there's a dirtier one in the company !" winning the wager by displaying his own right hand to the disgusted diners. And how utterly would they renounce all connexion with such a one as M. Gustave Planche, the French art-critic, who, when once he arrived to a dinner before the other guests, was dismissed by his hostess to the bath ; but, in an hour, he returned still dirtier than before ; upon which his hostess remonstrated, "You have not taken your bath, wretched man ! look at your hands !" and he replied, with much calmness, not doubting the validity of the plea, "Ah, it is because I have been reading."

The "reading men" of the present day certainly do not suffer from that unpleasant species of hydrophobia, a dread of water and washing. To them the tub is a necessary institution ; and they do not resemble the little French Marquis, who, being taken ill, sent for an English physician. The doctor examined the symptoms—by no means an agreeable task from their peculiar character—and prescribed the external application of a certain number of gallons of warm water with soap in proportion, and the gentle friction of a fine towel. "Mon Dieu !" cried the horror-stricken Marquis ; "this is washing one's self !" "I must admit," replied the other drily, "that the remedy has that disadvantage."

In College examinations, very remarkable answers are frequently given, generally from ignorance, occasionally from impertinence. Perhaps to the latter class belongs the answer to the question in a "Modern History" paper : "What was the most commendable act of King John ?" Answer : "When he put himself into the Wash." Yet none but a tub-loving student would have thought of this ; and it must have been a like-minded undergraduate, who, to the question : "What was the most remarkable circumstance in the office of the High Priest ?" replied : "He only washed his face once a year." This was the only fact worthy of note that had made an impression upon the dull brain of the cleanly Collegian. He evidently had laid to heart, that excellent old sanitary saying, "cleanliness is next to godliness ;" and, whatever his after career might be, we may feel assured that he would never resemble that dirty-fisted parson of the old school, to whom Sydney Smith said : "I perceive that you keep your glebe on your own hands !" or yet that whist-player, to whom the same wit remarked : "If dirt was trumps, what a hand you would hold !" for, the cleanly collegian was clearly an active patron of the institution of the Tub.

OUR FAIRIES.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

THERE are fairies here about us,
 That our home are brightening still,
 That were dull and sad without us,
 Whom they come with joy to fill ;
 Perchance their gold they've squandered,
 And so can live no more
 In Elfland, and have wandered
 For shelter through our door.
 Blest is the roof above them,
 We care not why they've come,
 We know but that we love them,
 These fairies of our home.

One of them but a baby,
 Crows in its mother's arms
 Its mood, whate'er it may be,
 That mood its mother charms.
 It drinks at her dear bosom,
 It laughs up in her eyes,
 A bloming rosy blossom
 Of but the tiniest size.
 Blest are the eyes above it,
 To bless them it has come :
 This baby how we love it,
 This fairy of our home !

One can but be entrancing
 Our eyes with all he'll do ;
 Whatever, wife, is chancing,
 Still he's a bliss to you.
 Called, in some tongue, he answers,
 That's known in Elfin land ;
 There perhaps the best of dancers,
 Here he can hardly stand.
 With summer skies above him,
 'Mongst bees he loves to roam ;
 Dear toddler, how we love him,
 This fairy of our home !

A third, more staid, whom may-be
 We've seen for some eight years,
 Teazes and talks to baby,
 And a small girl appears.
 She speaks a tongue that's human ;
 She's here to act the part
 Of a sweet little woman,
 How dear, wife to your heart !
 O golden-curled, dear Mary,
 No evil near you come,
 You laughing blue-eyed fairy
 Of fairies of our home.

The next—our home they fill fall—
 Like the most pert of boys,
 Is still an urchin wilful,
 And fills our days with noise ;
 Yet, darling of his mother,
 He loves so well to kiss,
 We'd have him just no other
 Than all to us he is.
 Though plain this one we see is,
 A something of a gnome,
 Dear as the others he is,
 This fairy of our home.

Another somewhat bigger,
 Has bent to mortal rule,
 Can read, and seems to figure
 A boy 'mongst boys at school.
 He mortal sports unheeding,
 Will pore, of thought bereft
 For all things else, still reading
 Of Elfland he has left.
 Yet, how can we reprove him,
 To bless us too he's come,
 We who so fondly love him,
 This fairy of our home.

Another, that still longer
 To us the sun has shown ;
 For her our love seems stronger,
 If stronger can be known.
 Kate is her name ; 'mongst misses,
 At school she sings and plays,

And wins from us what kisses,
What smiles, and prayers, and praise !
Surely with her caressings,
Our maiden here has come
To fill our years with blessings,
Fair fairy of our home.

But best and last, O maiden
That mov'st before our sight,
O joy to us grief-laden,
A bliss in our delight.
O May, thou priceless treasure,
Best gift we ever knew,
Who shall the gladness measure,
The joy we find in you !
How our hopes brood above you !
Let tears—let sorrow come,
We'll laugh while we can love you,
Best fairy of our home.

O fairies never leave us !
O still breathe mortal breath !
O not of one bereave us,
Thou fear whose name is Death !
These human blooms, O let them
Live on to summer here ;
And not till winter fret them,
Bid them to disappear !
Lord, leave them to caress us,
Through good, through ill, to come,
Still let these dear ones bless us,
These fairies of our home !

DOWN THE RHONE TO AVIGNON.

BY F. A. M.

THE descent of the Rhone by steamer must have been, in days gone past, a matter of considerable suffering and annoyance; the scorching sun, the broiling heat, and the tormenting insects in a vessel frequently packed full of passengers and goods, made the trip almost intolerable. The railway overcomes all these disagreeables, and though much of the beauty of the scenery is lost, the pleasure-seeking traveller is thankful for so easy a mode of conveyance, in a climate where the sun's rays dart down from a copper sky, to be reflected by a dry and arid soil. The banks of the Rhone, for castellated beauty, contest the palm with the shores of the Rhine. The eye of the traveller is ever and anon arrested by some bold towering rock, rising abruptly from the water's edge, crowned with the ruin of an old fortress; the white and muddy river rolls beneath, sweeping past many a vine-clad hill famous for the wine it produces. Yet the soil, the rocks, the houses have all the same dried up and burnt aspect, and the dust powders the vegetation so, that a fresh green spot is rarely to be seen. And this is the far famed Provence—the land of romance and song, of knights and troubadours—this the garden of *La Belle France*! There is something wild and grand in the bare, abrupt hills rising near the river, with their forts on their brows, and the towns nestling between them; but the absence of green in the landscape seems so strange, and at last so monotonous, that one cannot but contrast it unfavourably with England.

About twenty miles south of Lyons, the town of Vienne lies on the left bank of the Rhone where the railway passes along; rising above it is Mont Salomon crowned by a castle of the middle ages, which passes among the common people for the prison of Pontius Pilate, who was banished to Vienne after his return from Judea to Rome. Tradition also points to an old square tower on the right side of the river as the spot where he committed suicide, by throwing himself from the top; but so unsettled is the old lady of many mouths on this point, as in many others, that she makes the same event take place at Lucerne in Switzerland, naming the Pilate—a hill of storms—after him. Vienne was one of the most ancient towns in Gaul, and besides being named by Eusebius as the place to which Pilate was banished, is mentioned by Caesar, by Martial, who calls it “*opulenta Vienna*,” and by other writers, and yet the Roman remains are few. Its churches, like those of many other towns on the Rhone, were despoiled and mutilated by the Huguenot soldiers. It is delightful as one is rattling along the railway viewing these old towns and

castles, once the strongholds of families long since forgotten—the doughty deeds of whose Counts and Ducs were the burden of many a troubadour's song—to catch a glimpse of the distant Alps.

Now and then, through a vista opening to the left, a view of their snowy peaks may be obtained, and at one point Mont Blanc may be caught up. How grand are the sensations which fill the mind on first viewing those mountains of undying interest!

Having spent the greater part of the day on the railway in a land replete with associations grave, grand, and gay, we reached Avignon in the evening. At the inn we were received with all the courtly grace and superior style of French manner. A small waiter, about three feet five inches in height, particularly attracted our attention; he appeared to be a *big man* about the place, though small in stature; he led us to our chambers, and lit the candles with a flourish not seen every day; he wore a velvet cap of cunning workmanship, with tassel and band of gold, beneath which hung his long light hair in glossy ringlets; his tiny feet were covered with noiseless pumps, and his coat had no tails. He was like a modernized elfin page belonging to some of the counts or troubadours of old.

After the tedious and important operation of dining at the *table-d'hôte*, we wandered out through the narrow streets of the town; the moon had arisen and was shedding its silvery light over the ancient houses as we strolled through one of the gates where a group of noisy, dirty-looking porters lounged. We came upon the boulevards which stretch along the banks of the river; the trees were bursting into leaf; the night was calm and still; nothing was heard but the constant murmur of the rushing water, the distant bank seemed fair and romantic 'neath the hallowing light; the air was soft and balmy, giving a desire to wander on and on in the sweet, dreamy mood which such a scene is sure to induce. We ventured across the wooden bridge which spans the mighty Rhone, and looked down into its turbid waters, rolling and hurrying along with irresistible force: the moon shone upon their ruffled bosom, making them appear, 'neath its fairy influence, as bright and glittering as if they had been pure as crystal. The fear of being shut out beyond the walls broke the spell, so, repassing through the gate, we sought our hotel, and retired to rest after a long day of travel and fatigue.

Next morning, I was awake from a dream by no means unpleasant, in which the little waiter performed a conspicuous part, by the sound of drums at the window, as if a regiment of soldiers was marching right into the room. I was fairly drummed out of bed, and found myself in a moment endeavouring to open the shutters or sun-blinds; an operation of no little time and trouble, for they were of cunning workmanship, and were pushed outwards by means of an iron rod, which passed through the window, and was fastened inside by means of a large screw. Having succeeded in opening these ponderous defences from the scorching rays of an almost eastern sun, I was just in time to see the rear of two pair

of canvas trousers marching past with a military strut. The French pay dearly for their warlike propensities in many ways, and one of them is in the annoyance they are subjected to at all hours, from the constant and immoderate use of the drum. It was a very early hour—too early to rise—and, observing that I was an object of curiosity to a fair feminine party opposite, I beat a hurried retreat and bolted again into bed. Being wearied with the travel of the two previous days, I soon dropt into a slumber mingled with dreams. I thought the door of my chamber opened, and in came the little waiter bearing a drum three times his own size, and upon it, a coffee-pot, cups, sugar-basin, bread, butter, and the condiments which go to make up a French breakfast. Having placed the drum in the centre of the room, he threw a summersault backwards, and went flap out at the door like harlequin. The noise of his exit awoke me, and I heard "*l'eau chaude*" sung through the key-hole, and again a knocking, which told me it was the appointed hour to rise.

There is little to remind one of Sunday in a French town; there are evident symptoms of its being a holiday, but there is nothing of the calm and repose which ushers in the morning in Great Britain. The roll of the drum, the bustle and chattering, the gay and thoughtless manner of the people, all contrast with the sober propriety we are accustomed to see observed at home. After breakfast we wandered forth through the town towards the Palace of the Popes, and were intent gazing upon its massive walls, rearing their plain, clumsy, yet most impressive front to a great height, when we were attracted by chanting going on a little way to the left, where a flight of steps surmounts the rising ground. We saw several peasants standing with their heads uncovered beside a monument erected in front of Notre Dame, on reaching which we found a number of priests and choristers standing without the doors of the church, which were closed, with palms in their hands singing a hymn. After the gorgeous, refined, and we may say luxurious ceremonies of the Madeleine at Paris, there was a romantic simplicity about what we now saw which gave it a charm. The doors of the Cathedral opened, and the priests and choristers entered, and with them the people; the procession moved slowly up the centre of the church to the high altar, where it was received by the Archbishop and priests who had been giving responses to those outside. There was now a great waving of palms, and a sort of wild surging motion and chanting which had a very grand effect. The gesticulations of the priests and choristers seemed wild and emphatic, characteristic I thought of the people whose fiery blood makes them irascible and fierce. The Cathedral is old and gloomy, with little to relieve its bare walls and pointed roof; the light streaming down from windows near the ceiling, which gave an additional look of grandeur to the strange scene. Beside us and around us stood, or knelt on chairs, men and women, the poor inhabitants of Avignon and the neighbourhood; the latter olive-complexioned and rather pretty, but not to compare to their fair rivals at Arles; they seemed interested in the pageant which was going forward, but could not certainly

be said to be devoutly worshipping. A soldier, here and there, stood among them, but their presence seemed a rarity, though hundreds were within gunshot. The ceremony went on of placing the Archbishop in his chair, of robing and unrobing him ; of placing, removing, and replacing mitres on his head ; of bowing and kneeling before him, while those who bore the palms stood around the choir. We stood and witnessed the ceremony for a long time till at last we left the Cathedral. It was in store for us, before returning home, to see many and more imposing ceremonies, and yet none made a deeper impression than the one in the ancient city of the Popes. The ceremonial seemed so unnecessarily grand for so small and rude an assemblage ; it seemed to be a struggle to maintain the ancient importance of the Church ; and the old associations were clinging like ivy round the ruined grandeur of the scene.

As we left the Cathedral, the roll of the drum outside blended strangely with the holy strains which issued from the church : in the square below, in front of the Papal Palace, soldiers were mustering, being summoned from their barracks, in the desecrated home of the Popes, by the sound of the drum. Turning to the right, we ascended to a high platform of rock called the "height of the Dons," from whose precipitous brink we looked down upon the Rhone and the far-stretching plain. The morning was not bright, but there was a glare in the light which foretold a burning afternoon, and made it almost painful to look long upon the landscape ; the dry, parched, and arid look of the soil, gave an additional feeling of want of repose for the eye. To the north-east rose Mont Ventoux, and the hills where nestles Vaucluse, the retreat of Petrarch ; whose fountain is still the object of many a pilgrimage made by the poet's admirers—and where his mossy grottoes, his gardens, and his babbling stream, sacred to the muses, are still to be seen. If we envy those, whose time, at their own disposal, enables them to wander here and there at will, giving each place of interest the attention it deserves—for they can never exhaust such pleasures who have the mind to enjoy them—we can reconcile ourselves to our lot by the thought, that the realisation of many of those anticipated pleasures is often fraught with disappointment, disenchantment, and annoyance. I know not how far this may be the case with Vaucluse, but not being able to gratify my curiosity, I must even content myself with the picture as drawn by my imagination of the poet's retreat, and his fair Laura. Moving slowly round the promenade, surrounded by a parapet wall, on the "height of the Dons" we looked down upon Avignon, where our eyes were again arrested by the massy walls of the palace of the Popes. No one can gaze upon its dark, ungainly form, without a feeling of awe, almost horror, stealing upon him, as he reflects on the deeds of darkness, torture, and blood, that had been enacted within. The chamber of the Inquisition is still there, with the chamber of torture adjoining, whose walls are built in the shape of a funnel, contracting towards the top, to stifle the cries of the wretched victims. In the wall are the remains of a furnace and a pointed stake on which the poor sufferers were seated.

These are interesting but sad relics of the dark ages, and the cruelty of the Church of Rome. The Palace of the Popes was a prison and a place of torture. In a dungeon of one of the towers, was fettered Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes of Rome ; and in indulging the imagination one might picture what would be the feelings of him who had so lately risen to the power, affluence, and sway of a king—treading on the necks of the aristocracy of Rome—the idol of the people—to find himself doomed to “the loathsome vapours of a dungeon.” It is a valuable lesson to learn, however, that the cultured mind in such circumstances, does not give way to despair, but throws its ever fresh tendrils around the objects of its love and sources of its vitality, and, mid the ruins of its high ambition, finds a comfort and solace in the companionship of its early instructors. Rienzi’s life having been spared through the intercession of his friend, the poet Petrarch ; his solitary hours were spent in studying the books which had inspired his youthful mind—the Bible and Livy.

THE LOVER'S MANUAL OF DEVOTION.

IN TWELVE DIVISIONS.

Prayer is the language of hope:—pray, and despair will fly; and the universal prayer is, “love me, or I die.”

III.

My heart has flowers of dainty names,
 The sweetest flowers that grow, love;
 The primrose sweet, to lure your feet,
 To go, where'er I go, love.
 Midst leaves of thought spring violets blue
 Beside of violets white, love,
 Like lover's sighs, their sweets that rise
 Are breathed, but to unite, love.

My heart has flowers of dainty names,
 The sweetest flowers that grow, love,
 The myrtle blows, and tells the rose
 A tale that we both know, love.
 And blossoms wild without a name,
 My garden sweet holds too, love;
 But all, all there, or wild, or rare,
 They grow, they bloom, for you, love.

IV.

Kiss from mine eyes the tears which start,
 And thou shalt drink of joy
 Fresh from the fountains of my heart,
 Unmingled with alloy.

Lock all the thoughts my hopes create
 Deep in thy heart's recess,
 And thou shalt know, in every fate
 A secret happiness.

Love me yet more, that to repay,
 Fresh tears, fresh thoughts must rise,
 With powers I have not now, to say
 How much thy love I prize.

And, if my heart's divine excess,
 Nor thoughts, nor tears can prove
 That wordless heart must all impress,
 And burn on thine its love.

SOUTH KENSINGTON LETTER.

BY OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

EXHIBITION ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, W.

THE Penny Rival of *Punch*, called *Fun*, has on its cover an Ass enthroned, whilst, before the donkey, courtiers, etc., bow in homage to his wisdom and dignity. This sketch is called to mind by the wiseacres who, like the *Times Contributor*, say "*we ventured* to prophesy that the people in *June* would find the building more complete than those who, early in *May*, paid the highest prices for admission." Really? what sublimity of prophesy! what humility of opinion! "*We ventured?*" yes, and so did every unit of the tens of thousands of visitors to the Exhibition; each and all said, and expected, as a matter of course, that after the great collection had been open a month, the arrangements of its treasures, the completion of its details would be improved, as they are. In this matter more credit is due to the Commissioners and staff than usually granted, as they have not, in hardly a single instance, refused to see their errors and shortcomings and, like wise men, to recover from their first stumbling attempts.

Defiant of the inclement weather, the curious and impatient crowds have found their way to Kensington, the numbers reaching occasionally up to 60,000 daily. There have been more people than cabs and omnibuses could accommodate, so that a Jarvey-Revolt has taken place, and each cabman makes his own laws and regulations, to which the docile million must bow so long as Apollo refuses to take a season ticket and become a daily visitor to the Exhibition. At his presence—king of coachmen!—order once more will be restored, and Sir Richard Mayne will assume his regency much to the satisfaction of the English people. "Oh! for a little fine weather," cries Lord Granville,—whilst his compeers join in a choral prayer!—"for then we may hope to net the 3000 guineas *daily*, which we must haul in to be able to pay for our building in October." As yet, the daily takings have only reached about £2500.

Ten thousand buns, 6000 rolls, 4000 lbs. of bread, 3000 lbs. ham, 3000 pork pies, 200 gallons of milk, are some of the items *consumed in one day* in the English department; so, set down this Exhibition of Eating as one feature in the building entitled to be called Great. Of course these returns do not take into account the refreshments consumed in stealthy places, the *Repasts of Conspirators* taken in odd corners, the sly draughts

of wine and *eau de vie*, concealed by handkerchiefs and only betrayed as a liquid gurgle reaches our ears.

As a matter for surprise, I find the several stalls are in reality so many seats of money changers, especially in the foreign courts, where the sale of the articles is as open as any honest transaction well can be ; in the English departments, there is equal facility for buying, although the process is more roundabout, and the would be purchaser has to visit the exhibitor. In this way the majority of the most notable works are already sold. Of course the patriotic manufacturers are not included in this category ; they have greatly assisted to make the show the valuable *World's Academy* which it is, but have less to gain than the public who come to examine the secrets of the machinery, etc.

As might have been anticipated, the best time to see the pictures are the shilling days, when the visitors are distributed most equally over the building in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. The exclusive days witness the picture galleries, and a few fashionable sections of the Exhibition, more crowded than is at all pleasant ; and a modern crowd is a seething whirlpool, a *mäelstrom* of crinoline, from which the rougher half of creation can no more escape than it can from those smiles born but to betray man to his doom—the sorcerer's net of whale-bone, horse-hair, steel, and other instruments of torture.

Something of the feeling which draws a woman to a looking-glass, is felt by the English nation to look in the mirror which French correspondents are holding up to us Islanders. Not a little singular is the fact that, although in ordinary years the presence of our allies in London streets is by no means uncommon, yet only on the present occasion, when the *representatives of the press* are amongst us, do we have this mirror held up to our English Nature. We can therefore only draw one conclusion from the circumstance, namely, that, in reality, the French, when simply represented by gentlemen, find nothing or little to remark about London and Londoners ; and that the correspondents of the French papers, having a speciality set down—to write—write—always write—they are compelled to transmit to Paris such amusement in their letters as will equal a Parisian reader's expectation. So let John Bull walk on his way ; he is not the singular personage now caricatured, if, between '51, and '62, he could pass on his way without observation.

Few opportunities are allowed to escape of selling season and other tickets. A convenient plan of issuing undated tickets, twenty-one for twenty, has received a wide support from the public and wealthy patrons of art and industry ; the latter, headed by Her Majesty, being large purchasers of these tickets for distribution to societies, work-people, and children.

During June the visitors' list has included all the members of the Royal Family, the Egyptian Pasha, and the Japanese Embassy. It may be remarked that the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and others, make their visits on the days that suit them, whether shilling days

or not ; and indeed the class is limited which only goes on exclusive days, and may be curtly defined as the *Wandering Jews and Jewesses of Kill-time*—the Priesthood of Fashion and their benighted followers—blindly gazing on the sun of pleasure wherever it shines, but tired, and dazed, and suffering under that southern lassitude which falls on the inhabitants of flowery climes.

There is one excellence, a gossip must not pass over about the Exhibition building. Thanks to the ground plans and Captain Fowke, every one can find his way from dome to dome, annex to annex, court to court, with as much ease as an ever present crowd will let him ; indeed there is no doubt that many already know their way about here better than they do in their own great houses, where the kitchens, etc. etc., are to the master unknown regions which he seldom discovers.

The music of the forest is about the only music to which the ear can well listen with any satisfaction, when several different sounds are going on at once ; certainly the minstrelsy of the Exhibition is no exception to the general rule, for the whole building is pervaded by a jangle of sounds, that will not let the ear repose, and which together make not the sweet noise that do the unpaid musicians of the woods.

The Exhibition of 1862 must not pass away without one sad memory connected with it. The Member for Shrewsbury, Mr. Slaney, a good specimen of an old English gentleman of seventy years, and whose Parliamentary career was a protracted display of honest benevolence especially directed towards improving the lot of the people, in obtaining playgrounds for their children and other philanthropic objects. By an unfortunate accident, falling through the flooring, where boards ought to have been, but were not, Mr. Slaney got bruised—the hurt seemed for some days trivial—and died from the effects of his fall.

To bring this June letter to a conclusion, I may just note there is one small section of the English nation now much to be pitied. Those *who don't want* to go to, or hear about, the Exhibition. For them there is only the sad alternative of exiling themselves to America, which is about the one place in the world where they will not hear about our triumphs and rivalries, and where they may dose away the next three months if the war will let them.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

OPENING PROCEEDINGS.

THE sixth annual meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science was inaugurated on Thursday, 5th June, in Westminster Abbey. A large number of the members assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber shortly before three o'clock, whence they proceeded into the choir. Full choral service was performed. A special sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Dr. W. F. Hook, Dean of Chichester, who selected for his text the fifth chapter of the first book of Kings, the second and following verses. In the evening, the Association met in Exeter Hall. The attendance was not so numerous as might have been expected. The inaugural address of Lord Brougham was read by the noble President in an extremely deliberate manner. He touched upon the following subjects:—The lamented Death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort—The Progress of Foreign Countries in Social Science—Progress of Liberal Measures in France—The War in America and its Lessons—The Right of Search—The Distress of the Working Classes in the Manufacturing Districts—The Co-operative Movement—Criminal Statistics—The Irish Convict System—Law Reform and Lunacy Proceedings—Courts Martial—Popular Education—Employment of Women.

The following extracts will be found in Lord Brougham's Inaugural address :

"The sixth Congress of our National Association is opened in unhappy circumstances. We had reason to hope, from the last interview with which His Royal Highness the late lamented Prince Consort honoured me with upon our proceedings, that this chair would have been filled by the Prince whose loss the whole world deplores, whose life was devoted to promote the social sciences. He was especially the friend of the people—the poor man's friend. Herein he well deserved a place in that class, the most eminent of all, and the least numerous—those who live in advance of their own times. That the irreparable loss of such a man should be universally deplored by all, without distinction of rank, or party, or sect, is no marvel, for all have suffered. But our duty

as subjects directs our respectful sympathy towards Her on whom this blow has fallen most heavily, over whom he still watches, and to whom, on leaving earth for the Heaven that sent him—

‘Weep not, he said, at Nature’s transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again,’

But let all men of exalted station and commanding influence set before their eyes the career of this great and good Prince, ever bearing in mind the universal renown which he acquired, the affection and veneration which he inspired ; and let them be well assured that, contrary to what so generally happens, his imitators will have no second or subordinate place ; for the glory gained and the happiness enjoyed by following his bright example will be equal to his own, now the object of their envy and wonder. The Prince’s anxiety for the interests of peace, as well as for our progress at home, gave rise to his great and most successful plan of the International Exhibition of 1851 and this year, as well as the Statistical Congress of 1860. When he deemed his efforts or his influence useful, he despised not the more humble subjects of discussion. Witness his most able address at the meeting of the Servants’ Provident Society in 1849, when he found it proved that domestic servants form the largest class of the Queen’s subjects. But he was urgent with us also to give our Institution as much as possible a European character ; and it was chiefly on his suggestion that we undertook many inquiries connected with the trade and the usages of other countries, and afterwards founded an International Department.

“The attendance of distinguished foreigners, especially from France and Belgium, has in consequence been considerable, both at the Glasgow Congress and that of Dublin. An International Association, like our own, for promoting social science has been formed at Brussels, mainly by the exertions of our able and worthy colleague, M. Van der Maeren, Judge of the Tribunal of Commerce. M. Vervoort, President of the Chamber of Representatives, and M. Couvreur, Secretary of the Association, represent it at this Congress with M. Van der Maeren. On this occasion, we have conjoined with our meeting that of the Congrès de Bienfaisance. We offer a cordial welcome to this body, which, though it does not range over so wide a sphere as the National Association, being restricted to questions of benevolence only, undoubtedly comprises many of the subjects of our investigations, and may usefully exchange information with ourselves. A committee has been formed in Paris for promoting the establishment of international colleges of education, and is represented here by M. Eugene Rendu, Inspector-General under the University of France.

“It is with the greatest satisfaction that we have found, since our last Congress, a continuance of the progress in which we then rejoiced made by foreign countries in the various branches of social science, and by some countries in its only true and secure foundation—the improvement

of constitutional government. But it is a happy and a proud reflection for the times in which our lot is cast that our age is undoubtedly one of progress. The public opinion of Western Europe has penetrated into its eastern portions. The Czar is strenuously occupied in the enfranchisement of the labouring classes; he may be expected to lighten the pressure on his Polish subjects, and to give them a separate government and restored nationality, though upon absolute principles. Even the Sultan has resolved to visit our neighbours and ourselves; having adopted in his policy, both commercial and financial, suggestions the result of our experience. Our old ally, Austria, is disposed to improve her institutions; and possessing, more than other countries, the element of a working aristocracy, if she establishes a representative government on liberal principles, the best security will be obtained for the peace of the Continent. Her commercial development, too, is of immense importance to us, she having, except cotton, every one raw material that we want, and requiring all that we manufacture. The great defect of internal communication being supplied by the railways in progress, not only her trade with us will be incalculably extended, but she seems destined to be our high road to India—Vienna and Constantinople being the chief stations between London and Calcutta. The egregious error of Prussia in abandoning her liberal policy has served at once to cause the application of a speedy corrective, and to afford a new and signal example of the inestimable advantages possessed by constitutional government in maintaining sound principles and preventing the excesses, whether of royal or of popular supremacy. The lesser States of Germany are, on some important matters, divided among themselves; but their disputes are conducted without endangering the general peace, because the questions at issue are in the hands of the Sovereigns, together with the chief members of the communities. The Kingdom of Italy appears at length to be secure of the only thing wanting to its consolidation—the capital; and the termination of the worst Government in the world—the Papal temporal power; for it is inconceivable that the tyrant who has been dethroned and expelled from the south should any longer be allowed, with the help of that priestly power, to foment dissensions which consist only in supporting the hordes of robbers and murderers whose inhuman outrages minister to his revenge by tormenting the people he can no longer oppress. But it will not be enough to withdraw from the service of anarchy, pillage, and assassination, the support which Rome joins in affording them. The people have a right to emancipation from the worst of tyrannies, and to enjoy with their fellow-countrymen of Italy the unspeakable benefits of a rule which secures liberty without licentiousness, and protects them as well from the oppression of a Sovereign as from the more intolerable thralldom of the mob, the clergy, and laymen. Thus 'we may live to exult in contemplating a change that humanity has everything to rejoice and to glory in, nothing to be ashamed of; anarchy and servitude at once removed; a crown changed from elective to hereditary; all foreign

cabal finished ; no price paid in blood ; no treacheries, no intrigue, no system of slander more cruel than the sword, no insults on religion, morals, or manners ; no spoil, no confiscation, no imprisonments, no exile.' This happy consummation, which these words of Mr. Burke will then aptly describe, may be peacefully brought about without force by the influence of France, and the Italian Kingdom, her ally.

"The French themselves have been great gainers by the events since our last Congress. The new licence, so wisely given to Parliamentary proceedings, has been attended with none of the evils or the perils which at first haunted timid, because unreflecting, persons. The debates have been conducted generally with calmness, and entire liberty of speech has been given to the very small minority opposing the Government. Though the great vice of the system continues with little abatement—the open exercise of ministerial influence to control the elections—and the result of the debates on contested matters has been chiefly in favour of the Government, in one or two remarkable instances it has received a check, and in others its conduct has been swayed by the desire to avoid attacks which were sure to reach the country as soon as made in either Chamber. This action of public opinion upon the course of the Government is, indeed, accidental rather than regular, and is slight, compared with what it would be if elections were free, and the press uncontrolled ; and, above all, if the administration of justice in the case of political offences were entirely pure. Corruption there is none among the judges ; but, then, promotion depends upon their giving satisfaction to the Government, and such offences are subject to police jurisdiction, as well as that of superior functionaries. It is to be hoped, and, indeed, it is fairly to be expected, that the liberal measures already adopted will be followed by others, so as to give the public voice the same regular and powerful influence in France which it has in England ; and this must be the wish of all, both here and elsewhere, not merely from the goodwill we bear towards our justly celebrated neighbours, but from the intimate conviction that the interests of peace cannot be more effectually secured than by the people of both countries possessing a real weight in the administration of their affairs. Both here and elsewhere is it devoutly to be wished, because the people of all countries, as well as ourselves, are undergoing the heavy burden of preparations to secure themselves against a risk of war—a war to which the united public voice of France and England must at once put an end.

"The present unhappy state of affairs in the New World is calculated to withdraw our attention from all other countries, and fix it upon the fortunes of our kinsmen, and the lessons which their institutions, or their errors, are fitted to teach. A civil war has for twelve months raged among them far more dreadful than that the prospect of which, on the banks of the Rubicon, struck horror through its author's limbs, made his

hair stand on end, and stayed his steps ; a war waged, not by a few thousand soldiers on either side, but by the whole people, frantic with mutual hatred, filled with a thirst of vengeance, only to be slaked by each other's slaughter. The prevalence of epidemic slander and falsehood in all their forms makes it impossible to trust the accounts which reach us. The Government has not only maintained the most strict neutrality, but withheld all expression of opinion upon the matters in dispute, all intimation of a wish as to the result ; and in preserving this passive attitude, enjoined alike by wisdom and justice, it has also been the faithful representative of the nation.

"The lessons taught by the sad events in the once United States, and by the faults in their constitution, have been stated ; but there is happily a spot in the recent aspect of their affairs which is most pleasing to contemplate, and the brightness of which we may anxiously hope that no outbreak of the multitude will be suffered to obscure. The Northern Government, to its infinite honour, has at length agreed to the mutual right of search—in other words, to abolish all that remains of the slave trade. It has long been known that the greater part of that infernal traffic is carried on in American ships sailing under false colours, none of their own cruisers interfering effectually. Both the English and French cruisers can now visit each suspected vessel ; and the traffic is at an end. I regard this as the second real blow struck at the slave trade. The first was the Act which I had the happiness of passing through Parliament, just half a century ago, for punishing it as a great crime, instead of treating it as merely contraband—a law soon after adopted by America, but never till of late really executed. Let us hope that our Government may be encouraged by this important success to use with Spain a language no longer capable of being misunderstood, and peremptorily to demand the execution of the contract for which she received so large a sum of money, and which she has ever since most scandalously broken in all manner of ways, making the slave trade a regular means of enriching her colonial governors sent to recruit their ruined fortunes by bribes from felons, the result being the importation into Cuba of 40,000 negroes yearly.

"The American civil war has severely affected this country (as well as France), producing great distress in all those districts where the cotton manufacture forms the staple trade. The subject is too painful to dwell upon, were we not relieved by observing the truly admirable behaviour of those who suffer the most. The distress has brought into view the happy advance of our artisan population in the branches of knowledge most essential to their well-being. The hardships which they are enduring have not disturbed their minds or shaken their faith in principles which they had upon examination and reflection adopted in prosperous times. They know that the want of the raw material which sets their

industry in motion would not justify England in using her power to break the laws of nations for the purpose of obtaining it ; and they assent to the wise and just forbearance of our Government without a murmur.

"Not satisfied with most patient endurance, they have sought how their resources might be most husbanded by co-operative associations, of which the number has been greatly increased since I described their proceedings at the Congress before the last.

"It is most gratifying to find, in addition to all that has been said touching the excellent conduct of the working-classes, that the distress of the times (the *male suada fames*) has been attended with no increase in the number of crimes.

"The important subject of criminal treatment occupied much of our attention at the Dublin meeting, where we had the means of examining on the spot the working of the Irish convict system. On that occasion we had among us judges, magistrates, managers of reformatory schools—in short, an array of persons who had made both the theory and practice of reformatory discipline, whether applied to juvenile or adult criminals, their careful study for years. Not satisfied with observing the means employed, we availed ourselves of the opportunities freely offered to us by Captain Crofton and his colleagues of testing the result actually obtained. Masters who had received discharged convicts into their service were visited, and no pains were spared to verify the report which we had received of their good conduct. In many instances conclusive proof was given of the permanent good effects wrought by the training which the prisoners had received. The masters who already employed convicts went themselves to the prisons to engage other prisoners who were on the eve of discharge, lest they should be too late by the time the discharge was completed. The conclusion at which we arrived, so far as I know, was unanimous. It placed the Irish convict system far above all others which had been subjected to the test of experience, for its success in accomplishing the great object of its institution—the reformation of the criminal ; and I may add that what we witnessed in Ireland has created an ardent desire throughout England, that we may as soon as possible enjoy similar advantages at home.

"The great evil of lunacy proceedings—the extreme danger of occasional legislation—has often been acknowledged. Some abuse gives rise to complaint ; the misconduct of a public functionary has had mischievous effects ; or the proceedings of a Court have given general dissatisfaction, and a remedy is desired. A late trial of lunacy gave rise to great and general complaint of the judicature, from the prolixity of the proceedings, and the irrelevancy of many matters introduced—their irrelevancy to the one question before the Court. A bill has been introduced to improve the procedure in lunacy generally, and there is great reason to apprehend that it seeks in material respects unnecessarily to alter the law. One

important and very salutary change is the requiring each cause to be tried by a judge instead of an officer of the Court, whose authority with counsel cannot be such as duly to control their proceedings. But a most unwise, and, indeed, absurd restriction is imposed upon the admission of evidence which would have been wrong under the old procedure, but is wholly unintelligible now that a judge is to preside. That the late trial showed the necessity of some change is admitted, but the objection is that the change goes beyond the exigency of the case, and in a wrong direction. It is plainly made to meet the outcry against portions of the evidence adduced.

"There has been another trial of extraordinary length as well as the lunacy case. A court-martial has been held for a whole month on an officer whom his colonel, and some others in the regiment, were desirous of having out of it, when he could not be prevailed upon to leave it; and, after examining many witnesses, the sentence was an acquittal on all the charges save one—that he had received an insult, to obtain redress for which he had not taken the proper and lawful measures. Of this he was found guilty, and sentenced to be cashiered. It being perfectly clear that there were no proper and lawful means, and that the sentence meant to condemn the accused for not fighting a duel, though it did not venture to state this, the Judge Advocate advised that it should be quashed, and the officer was restored to liberty and to his regiment. The law is undoubted, that no sentence of a military court-martial is valid until confirmed by the Sovereign. In the case referred to the Judge Advocate had not been present at any part of the trial, nor could his opinion on the gross absurdity of the charge and the sentence have been affected by anything that had passed. But had he been present, he might have seen ground for comment upon the conduct of different persons, the colonel and others, all of which he was prevented by his absence from submitting to the Crown for censure, possibly for punishment. It is impossible to require his, or any other professional man's attendance on all courts-martial. But it might perhaps be expedient to give the presiding officer power at his discretion, in all cases which do not admit of delay, to adjourn the Court for professional assistance. In connexion with this subject it may not be inapposite to allude to the practice which seems to have lately grown up in some of our colonies of proclaiming martial law by the mere order of the governor when any disturbance more than ordinary may occur. It cannot be necessary to point out to any constitutional lawyer the utter illegality of such proceedings; but it is well that these irregularities should be made the subject of public comment.

"When explaining at our first Congress, five years ago, the great object of the Association, the bringing into full discussion the most important plans whereon men oftentimes differed from not examining

both sides, I referred to the Eastern legend of two knights quarrelling about the colour of the shield that stood before them, and a dervise, or priest, making peace between them by desiring them before fighting to look at both sides, when they found that each was in the right. Unhappily, there are too many cases of the combatants being so eager for the fray that their senses inform them in vain, or so warped by prejudice that they are ready to maintain, perhaps to believe, that black is white, and white black. It is truly grievous to find that the cause of popular education belongs to a class which creates such partisans. Devoted to this great subject for upwards of half a century—having presided over the celebrated Education Committee in the one House, and brought forward various measures in both, and obtained from my colleagues in the Ministry of 1830 the first grant of public money, the origin of the rapidly increasing yearly grants, and of the Privy Council jurisdiction—I may be pardoned for feeling a peculiar interest in the expenditure of the sums given, and in the progress of the plan, and for sharing largely in the astonishment felt by all reflecting men, real friends of education, at the attempts made to assert a vested interest in teachers or school inspectors, because they have been engaged and employed—a determination to insist upon payments by the State, but to exclude all effectual valuation of the instruction paid for. A check of boundless expenditure, and correction or prevention of systematic abuse, was the chief object of the revision applied to the code. This became the subject of violent controversy, and, though some of the best portions of the plan remain, much that was highly important has been abandoned. The grant is no longer given exclusively on examination, nor is the examination regulated by age.

“The providing employment for educated women was the wise and benevolent object which benefactors of their sex had in view; and no doubt the sufferings of this important class are such as humane and reflecting persons cannot contemplate without the most painful feelings. I had the great satisfaction of announcing at the Glasgow Congress that Miss Faithful's Printing Press, conducted entirely by women, had proved eminently successful, and received the sanction of the Queen's approval, signified in a gracious letter, written by Her Majesty's commands.

“Dean Ramsay lately presided at a meeting for promoting the emigration of females to our colonies—a subject which has given rise to some controversy, and has brought a very salutary warning from persons acquainted with these settlements, and with the consequences of ill-considered plans. Instances have been adduced of poor governesses, who on their arrival, or soon after, were cast upon the world, without the means of paying the postage of their letters to their family at home. But, besides the care required in providing means of support until employment is found, the greatest pains should be taken to send only persons well qualified in whatever line the emigrant is destined for, and merely necessitous circumstances should not be deemed a ground for

emigration ; nor should the primary object be to find husbands. This may be incidental to the removing, but the ground should always be—the special qualification for some branch of gainful industry.

“Miss Rye has added the encouragement of emigration to her other good works in behalf of female employment. She, as well as others with whom she co-operates, are most grievously misrepresented, probably because misunderstood, when supposed to have for their object the setting women in antagonism to men ; whereas the whole design is to make them fellow-labourers with our sex. The Edinburgh Society has established a register for sick-nurses, at the urgent recommendation of the medical body. Thus the name and address, with the character of a nurse, can be at once found in any case of need, without the delay, uncertainty, and risk that now prevails. This subject cannot be mentioned without reminding us of that truly blessed institution in France which it is lawful to hope we may, ere long, see imitated in this country—the sisters of charity, of whom I spoke at our Bradford Congress. They not only bear comfort into the hospital, but beyond its walls ; render invaluable help to the physician, in disarming disease of its pains and discomfort ; and lend not superfluous aid to the pastor, in disarming death of its terrors. They have earned the united blessings of a people that can hardly ever agree in feeling respect for any existing institution ; they have made their name revered by all. When I attended M. de Tocqueville's funeral, there was no feeling more generally expressed by all his friends, than their comfort at his having had for the last weeks of his life the inestimable advantage of their attendance and care.

“The amiable and highly-gifted daughter of my venerable friend, the late President Hope, shared our labours two years ago at Glasgow, and contributed valuable assistance in several departments of that Congress. For though in all philanthropic designs she has the confidence which her name betokens, her zeal is ever under the guidance of knowledge, and no one is more aware that there can be no hope cherished of schemes, over the formation and the conduct of which sound discretion does not preside. She has, moreover, always held a decided opinion that, in caring for the poor, we are too apt to forget the other classes of our sisters ; and was the author, I understand, some years ago, of an excellent tract, entitled ‘Nobody cares for the Sick,’ pointing out the duties of wives and mothers in high station, and also describing the pleasures which those who have no families, and who complain of the weariness of having nothing to do, may enjoy by looking out for cases of relieving misery, and by administering relief and sympathy. This is truly a female duty, and one which women are far better able to perform than men ; and such a register of benevolence as the Edinburgh Society has established would enable everybody to perform this duty and enjoy this gratification.

“The Congress is happily attended by a far greater body of friends from the Continent than any former meeting, in consequence of the

affiliated associations attending by their representatives. But, independently of this circumstance, we have the presence of eminent persons from Germany, France, and Northern Italy—the countrymen of the illustrious Euler, D'Alembert, La Place, and the greatest of all, La Grange, have come to visit the land of Newton, by universal assent the first of philosophers of all ages and all countries; and they have seen with incredulous astonishment that the nation, so justly proud of having given birth to the greatest of men, has raised no monument to his memory, satisfied that as Pericles called the whole earth the monument of illustrious men, so the whole universe is Newton's. But if they have thought that for our disgrace we might well feel ashamed, so do they also mark that of our social state we may well feel proud. They see with admiration, perhaps with envy, a people in possession of rights, secure against risks both from above and below—rights which no legal ambition can encroach upon, no popular delusion betray; an aristocracy, the barrier against domination of one master and the more insupportable tyranny of the mob; a people informed by a press, subject to no control but the law, and answerable only for offences which the law has declared and defined—a people sharing moderately and safely in the management of their own concerns, but protected from that universal suffrage which, under the disguise of liberty, conceals the instrument of absolute dominion—a people blessed with the pure administration of justice, because distributed by judges who can neither be removed nor promoted according as their judgments satisfy or displease the possessors of power. Let us hope that our foreign friends will carry back with them such an impression, not only of the unspeakable benefits derived from our Constitution and the practice under it, but a conviction which all the discussions in the different departments will give them of its perfectly safe working in all respects, and the ease with which the more valuable portions of it may be adopted by other nations.

“We are engaged in the high and holy work of seeking out social errors, to expose and correct them; social abuses, to put them down; social wants, to supply them; social evil, to extirpate it—in looking for the sufferings of humanity with the purpose of obviating or mitigating them. As there is nothing more delightful than affording relief to the distress of individuals—but few, indeed, have the means of enjoying this pleasure—so it is in the power of all, and it is their duty to further the great measures which may ward off distress or disarm it of its pain; and whosoever helps this good work may taste the gratification of doing good upon a far larger scale, and be thankful to Divine Providence for having vouchsafed a triumph over evil, which is more blessed to prevent than to cure.”

(To be continued.)

CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS.

MAY 1ST.—THURSDAY.

Opening of International Exhibition.—Inaugural Music by Auber, Meyerbeer, and Professor Bennett.

Royal Academy.—Opening of Royal Academy Exhibition.

Royal Institution.—Annual Meeting; the Duke of Northumberland re-elected President.

"The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle."—Magazine Printed by Women—First Number published, Monthly, 1s.—Literature, Science, Fine Arts, Fact and Fiction, Tales and Essays, Anecdote, Biography and History, Literary Gossip, etc. etc.

OBITUARY.—"The Morning Chronicle," oldest London Political Journal, and the "Literary Gazette," oldest London Literary Review, etc., issued their last numbers in April ult.

MAY 2D.—FRIDAY.

OBITUARY.—The Australian papers announce the death of Sir William Don, Bart., comedian, aged 37, at Hobart Town.

MAY 3D.—SATURDAY.

National Gallery.—Publication of Sir Charles Eastlake's report. During the last year, works have been added of Rembrandt, Vandyke, Hogarth, Berghem, and Gainsborough.

Asiatic Society.—Papers read on the Waste Lands of India.

Royal Academy.—Annual Banquet, attended by the Crown Prince of Prussia, Lord Palmerston, etc.

Mr. Fechter's Play.—The "Golden Daggers" withdrawn from the Princess's Theatre, after a fortnight's existence.

MAY 4TH.—SUNDAY.

MAY 5TH.—MONDAY.

Drama.—St. James's Theatre.—"Prince Amabel, or the Fairy Roses," a new romantic extravaganza, by W. Brough, produced.

Astley's Theatre.—"Alice Wingold, or the Pearl of London City," an original Spectacular Drama, by Mr. Rophino Lacy, brought out.

Architects.—Annual General Meeting.

Drama.—"Keep your Temper," a new farce, by Mr. J. P. Wooler, produced at the Strand.

Marylebone Theatre.—A three act slave-life drama, taken from one of Captain Mayne Reid's novels, produced.

City of London.—The "Bush Girl," a piece by the late Mr. J. Wilkins, brought out. Besides its dramatic interest, there is a literary interest in this latter piece, as the production of a pen that displayed more than ordinary promise.

MAY 6TH.—TUESDAY.

New Opera.—"La Fille d'Egypte," by the nephew of Meyerbeer, M. Jules Beer, produced at the Theatre Lyrique, in Paris, and favourably received.

Ethnological Society.—Paper read on the commixture of the "Races of Man," as affecting the progress of civilisation.

OBITUARY.—The Rev. Joseph Wolff, author of a "Journey to Bokhara," a great traveller and linguist, aged 67.

MAY 7TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Society of Arts.—Soiree at South Kensington.

MAY 8TH.—THURSDAY.

Music.—For performances in public places, a band has been formed amongst the corps of Commissionaires.

Ary Scheffer.—Statue uncovered at Dordrecht, his native place.

MAY 9TH.—FRIDAY.

Architects' Royal Gold Medal, awarded to Professor Willis.

MAY 10TH.—SATURDAY.

British Institution.—The Exhibition of Modern Pictures closed.

Mr. Rawden Brown appointed to calendar and abstract the papers relating to England in the Archives of Venice.

Theatrical Charity.—Benefit at the Lyceum, the whole proceeds appropriated to the unemployed operatives of Lancashire.

New Cantata, by Mr. G. Linley, on Burns' "Jolly Beggars," performed at the Oxford Music Hall.

MAY 11TH.—SUNDAY.

MAY 12TH.—MONDAY.

The Library Company.—A joint stock undertaking; commence business in Pall Mall and St. James's Square; the annual subscription being *half* of the guinea charged by Mudie and others.

Victoria Theatre.—"The Break of Day, or the Miser, the Witch, and the Spirit," being another version of the "Ghost Hunter," produced.

MAY 13TH.—TUESDAY.

Zoological Society.—Dr. Gray gave notice of a new species of Dolphin found in Northern Australia.

Royal Institution.—Lecture on Ancient Art, by Mr. Newton.

MAY 14TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Imperial Library.—The students of Paris are now accommodated with a reading-room, under regulations much the same as those at the British Museum. There are 1,800,000 volumes in this magnificent library.

Sadlers' Wells.—"Family Pride," a new drama produced, its source being "Le Pauvre Gentilhomme."

MAY 15TH.—THURSDAY.

Royal Society.—Paper read by Astronomer Royal on Hot-rolled and Cold-rolled Malleable Iron, as regards power of receiving and retaining Induced Magnetism.

OBITUARY.—Sir B. Hawes, aged 65, permanent under Secretary of State for War, well known as the author of political pamphlets.

MAY 16TH.—FRIDAY.

Charles the Fifth.—Amongst the treasures uncatalogued in the Paris Library, the Autobiography of this celebrated Monarch has been discovered.

MAY 17TH.—SATURDAY.

Meyerbeer's Coronation March, composed for the late enthronement of the King of Prussia, first performed in England at the Crystal Palace.

The Inventor's Institute is established for purposes which its name implies.

British Museum.—Parliamentary grant for purchases this year, £22,445.

Drama.—The "Rath-boys" brought out at the Standard. The scenes and episodes are Irish, and powerfully written by Buchanan and Gibbon.

Britannia.—A Derbyshire Legend, dramatized by Mr. Hazlewood, produced, and called "The Old Maid in the Winding Sheet." Some very clever and novel effects by the theatrical machinest displays a *real* ghost, the spectre, *comme il faut*, gliding about as an unearthly being is expected to move.

MAY 18TH.—SUNDAY.

MAY 19TH.—MONDAY.

International Exhibition.—First Shilling day.

Manchester.—The Nonconformists here propose founding a travelling Scholarship in memory of "Albert the Good." The country to be visited and studied being the Holy Land.

MAY 20TH.—TUESDAY.

Ethnological Society.—Anniversary Meeting; Mr. S. Crawford re-elected President.

Jessie White Mario.—Lectures at Saint James's Hall.

Royal Institution.—Mr. Newton's fourth Lecture on Ancient Art. This series, now concluded, published separately, would form a valuable Art work of reference to the student.

Mr. H. C. Rawlinson, makes known the discovery of a Cuneiform Document likely to be of the greatest value in fixing the date of events transpiring in Western Asia, between the beginning of the Ninth, and latter half of the Seventh Centuries, B.C.

MAY 21ST.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal Horticultural Society.—First Great Flower Show.

Copyright Works of Art Bill.—In Committee of House of Commons.

John Bunyan.—A new monument inaugurated, in Old Bunhill Fields' Burial Ground, of the Author of "Pilgrim's Progress;" died 31st August 1688, aged 60. Lord Shaftesbury presided over the ceremony which was concluded by an address from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

MAY 22D.—THURSDAY.

Society of Antiquaries.—Exhibition of Heraldic Collection.

Royal Society of Female Musicians.—Annual Concert in Hanover Square Rooms.

MAY 23D.—FRIDAY.

British Museum.—The Government Vote for removing the National History Collection to South Kensington, defeated by a large majority.

Lalla Rookh.—An Opera, by M. Felicien David, lately produced at the Opera Comique in Paris.

OBITUARY.—The Rev. Dr. Warren, on the birthday of his son, the Author of "Ten Thousand a Year," etc. Dr. Warren passed several years in a French Prison, and wrote afterwards a "Narrative of his Captivity during the Reign of Terror."

MAY 24TH.—SATURDAY.

Linnean Society.—Annual Meeting; Mr. G. Bentham, re-elected President.

Chapter House, Westminster.—Meeting held to consider means for the restoration, and application to some special purpose, of this venerable building.

Balmoral.—The tenants, etc., of the Royal estates, propose erecting a granite Obelisk to the memory of Prince Albert.

New Westminster Bridge opened—4,15 A.M.; that being the time of Her Majesty's birth.

Asiatic Society.—Annual Meeting.

Drama.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean commence an Engagement at the Princess's Theatre in "Louis XI.;" thus inaugurating a fresh series of high class performances, of the loftier dramatic works of this country, when our numerous foreign visitors are receiving their impressions of our stage.

Crystal Palace.—Great Flower Show.

MAY 25TH.—SUNDAY.

The Music Bands commence their season performances in the Parks, being remunerated by selling Penny Programmes and hiring out of chairs.

MAY 26TH.—MONDAY.

Geographical Society.—Anniversary Meeting.

MAY 27TH.—TUESDAY.

Institution of Civil Engineers.—Annual Conversazione.

Statistics.—In 1860, 1365 persons committed suicide in England; 3899, in France.

These figures therefore wipe out suicide as a national crime in Great Britain.

Surrey Theatre, concludes its winter season.

Royal Dramatic College.—Annual Meeting, at which a highly favourable Report was read.

MAY 28TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal Botanic Society Regent's Park.—Great Exhibition.

Panorama of Japan, from photographs, and painted by native Artists, exhibiting at the Polytechnic.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Buckle, of typhus fever, at Damascus; author of "Introduction to the History of Civilisation in England," aged 40.

MAY 29TH.—THURSDAY.

Society of Arts.—Paper read on the International Exhibition of 1862, by Mr. Hawes.

MAY 30TH.—FRIDAY.

Archæological Institute.—Suffolk Street Exhibition of a Collection of Mediæval Works of Art.

MAY 31ST.—SATURDAY.

Nuptial Cantata, by Mr. H. Leslie, first performed at the Crystal Palace.

Artists' Benevolent Fund.—Annual Dinner at Freemason's Hall.

Mr. John Leech's Drawings.—A selection from Punch. These works, enlarged and painted in oil, exhibited (private view) at the Egyptian Hall.

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ANNALS OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

FOR THE YEAR 1881

CONTAINING

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY

AND THE PAPERS OF THE MEMBERS

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ADDENDUM

